THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 25. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ANCIENT ORDER PICNIC.

Division No. 19's Pleasant Outing Last Sunday at Oswald's Grove.

Addresses by Hon. P. B. Flanagan, State President John T. Keating and Rev. Bernard O'Mahony.

The residents of the old Town of Lake seldom saw a finer or better disciplined body of men in line than comprised the marching column of Hibernians who paraded Halsted street last Sunday, on their way to the picnic of Division 19, A.O.H. Headed by an excellent life and drum corps, the company of Hibernian Knights attached to Division 23 took the right of the column and were followed by the members of Divisions 19 and 23. The Knights were under command of Capt. Connolly, and were warmly applauded as with drawn swords they swung through the gate at the picnic grounds. Capt. Connolly and Messrs. W. J. Doherty, Thomas and Cannon were congratulated on the splendid appearance of the parade.

The grounds were well filled at an early hour, and crowded later in the evening. An excellent programme of games was presented by the committee of arrangements, comprising a hurling match, jumping and racing. An excellent band provided music at the dancing platform, which was constantly crowded by the lads and lasses, and Michael Kennedy, who was in charge of the refreshments, gave comfort to the weary.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the shrill notes of a bugle summoned the crowd to the speakers' stand. President Thomas introduced Hon. P. B. Flanagan as chairman, who welcomed all present to the picnic. In happy vein the chairman dwelt on the striking features of the gathering, winning applause and laughter as he touched the stalwart men and pretty girls who crowded beneath the stand. Dropping the facetious, the speaker referred in earnest terms to the great society of which Division No. 19 was but a branch. In rapid words he sketched its history, its work and standing. He closed by exhorting all present to remember that the good name of the Division was in their hands, and besought them to permit no folly or forgetfulness to mar the pleasures of the day.

The chairman then introduced State President John T. Keating, who congratulated the members of Division No. 19 on their happy choice of the anniversary of Bunker Hill as the date of their festival. He said the official records of the State of Massachusetts bore testimony to the fact that of the gallant thousands who with Gen. Prescott held the trenches against the common enemy, of that noble band over one-fourth were of Irish birth and descent. The same love for the republic, the same devotion to its interests, the same determination to die if necessary in defense of the starry banner which distinguished the Irishman of 1775 still throbbed, lived and burned in the heart of the Hibernian of 1895. As our memories pass back over the struggles which at times marked the progress of the American nation on the path of freedom, the speaker said, we note the mile-stones of that path were imbedded in the bones of Irishmen who died that the republic might live. From the contributions of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to the treasury of Washington, to the supplies donated to the armies of Jackson; from the volunteers who followed Shields to the hundreds who died with Mulligan, the Irishmen of organized societies gave their best effort to sustain, perpetuate and defend the republic.

The speaker dwelt on the strength and power of the Ancient Order, and said those who smiled at the humble regalia of the Hibernian forgot or were ignorant of the fact that no other society did so much practical good without boast or pretense in our community. Its membership, nearly 120,000 in good standing, its yearly distribution of nearly $1,000,000 among the sick and needy, its ownership of properties exceeding in value $1,250,000, was now crowned by the gift of $70,000 toward the establishment of a Gaelic chair at the Washington University. No other society can publish a truthful record of so much actual good accomplished; no other society can boast of such membership or financial standing. Let those who sneer at the "society of poor men," as they sometimes term the A.O.H., equal it in virtue and copy it in good works.

Referring to the proposed new departure in Irish affairs, Mr. Keating spoke, in substance, as follows: "The time has indeed come for some new movement in behalf of the Irish people. For years on years the Irish-American has contributed to the support of the struggles of agitators of various stripes across the Atlantic. For years the hard earned money of Irish toilers has been sent across the sea to support the parliamentarian in the modern Babylon, to keep him among the hereditary enemies of his race, acquiring a taste for the good things of this life and ruining the soft accent of his native isle by a most villainous and imperfect lisp; to help him to get afraid of England and forget Ireland. The day has come when all this must stop, and when the only kind of party to be tolerated as an Irish Parliamentary party would be one whose motto would be 'alliance with none opposition to all.' A party like the present, the weak, purposeless allies of a discredited and ruined ministry, could no longer be tolerated. While anxious for the freedom of the isle across the sea, while planning new movements for the perpetuation of the undying principle that 'resistance to tyrants is obedience to God' we must not forget the Irish outside of Ireland. We must not forget that thousands daily land on our shores to wander over our prairies, or huddle in the cities with few to care for them and few to interest themselves in their welfare. We must not forget that thousands of our people are oftimes hungry, even while eloquent leaders wait the applause of tired fingers for their polysyllabic rhetoric and strained metaphor. Here in our midst, greater Ireland also requires consideration; and in our love for the green isle, our pride in her past, our hope in her future, do not let us forget that the emancipation of our people in the great American cities from the social conditions which environ them is necessary if we wish to retain their sympathy with the cause of Ireland and Ireland's future. The A.O.H. has not forgotten this; they have ever kept love for fellow man on an even plane with love of country, and hence I recommend it as the society best suited for the Irish Catholic possessing all the virtues and none of the faults of cosmopolitan societies." The speaker closed with an earnest wish that all would enjoy themselves, and hoped that such a day would soon return again.

Chairman Flanagan next introduced the Rev. Bernard O'Mahony, of the Peoria diocese. The reverend gentleman won his audience at once, and was frequently interrupted with applause. He probed the cause of Ireland's misery with unflinching hand, and asserted that the courage which distinguished the Irishman in lands other than his own was wanting when fighting the battles of his native land. His determination to succeed was lacking and he wasted time in argument and curses—the time which should be given to the study of the manual of arms and the training of the youth in the tactics of war. Had the money wasted in support of statesmen's dreams been used for practical ends Ireland would have been free long since. The speaker deprecated the fear of a struggle with England so often voiced by the timid. He alluded to the struggles of the colonies, and said the battle of Ireland's freedom would be fought on American soil. England even now was plotting to find a foothold on the American continent. Her ships were on the great lakes and her soldiers marined their shores. Her lords were buying millions of acres to found new feudal estates; her capitalists were rapidly getting control of all American enterprises—all without the pledge of citizenship to the republic. This could not continue. The insidious encroachments of the enemy must be stopped, and in the struggle we will lift up the green and tear down the red.' The time had passed for talk and mourning, and had arrived for the enlistment in a movement such as advocated by the national press, backed by good men and true. The speaker closed by saying that he would return to take part in the great picnic of the Clan-na-Gael Guards on July 4, in the same grounds, when he hoped to again say something on the necessity of an active policy in Irish matters.

After Father O'Mahony had concluded there were loud calls for Daniel O'Connor, but that gentleman declined to talk, and the chairman dismissed the audience to join in the games, with some happy remarks on the success of all features of the programme.

President Thomas, of Division 19, has been warmly praised on excellent work accomplished, the splendid programme prepared and the perfect arrangements made for the comfort of all. Secretary Jeremiah Herlihy and his committee, prominent among the members of which were Messrs. O'Shea, Kane and Daly, are entitled to great credit for their untiring energy.

OBITUARY.

MAJOR RICHARD OULAHAN.

Major Richard Oulahan, a clerk in the treasury department, Washington, died there on Wednesday of last week, after a brief illness. Major Oulahan was well known both in this country and Great Britain because of his great zeal in behalf of Irish freedom. He came to America in 1849. In the late war he was first lieutenant in the One Hundred and Sixty-Fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers, and was aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Corcoran. At the close of the war President Lincoln appointed him to a clerical position in the third auditor's office of the treasury department, which he retained to the time of his death. Through Major Oulahan's active interest the intervention of the United States was obtained in securing a commutation of imprisonment for life of the death sentence imposed upon Edward O'Meagher Condon. Major Oulahan was a personal friend of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, and letters to him were used in proving that the "Parnellism and Crime" letters were forgeries.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

A convention of the United Irish Societies will be held at Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, June 23, at 2 p.m. sharp. Each society is entitled to three delegates.

JOHN J. MAHONEY, Pres.
T. F. MCCARTHY, Sec.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

It Is Spreading Like Wildfire All Over the Country, and Gathering Volume Every Day.

Letter From John Dowling—Important Meetings in Massachusetts, Missouri and Alabama.

[To the Editor.]

The proposed organization of a new Irish movement, as outlined in a recent issue of THE CITIZEN, is deserving the earnest attention of every man of our race who believes that Ireland has a higher destiny than that of being merged forever as a province of the British Empire. The time is opportune for such a movement, the necessity of it is at once apparent, and the men whose names have been mentioned in connection therewith are such as to inspire confidence in its success. The political situation in Ireland is such as to render such a movement as that about to be inaugurated an absolute necessity, if the cherished hopes of our race are to be realized, and the strength and resources of our people, the world over, are to be effectively utilized in the work of building an Irish nation. The Home Rule movement, like all parliamentary movements that preceded it, has proved to the Irish people, as a result of English duplicity and dishonest statesmanship—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The "dominant partner," despite all the sickly twaddle we have heard for some years past about "The Union of Hearts" and the alleged conquest of Ireland by "English friendship" has at last consigned the Home Rule question to the limbo of dead issues.

What is the situation in Ireland? Her so-called representatives in a foreign parliament, stultifying the nation's honor, and bartering her ancient rights to the "base, bloody and brutal Whigs"; Ireland itself distracted and divided by the rancor of contending factions; clerical despotism on the one hand and slavish submission on the other; a spirit of rampant whiggery among the "loyal and respectable classes"—these are the conditions which apparently prevail, and which, if allowed to continue, will certainly engender national corruption and decay. In view of such a condition of affairs the apathy which has existed for some time in regard to Irish political affairs in this country is not in the least surprising; but further inaction, where the highest and most sacred interests of our race are involved, would necessarily mean to all the world an abandonment of the struggle of centuries, and a virtual admission that the English are the born masters of our race. National pride and self-respect, and that spirit of patriotic duty which impels us onward to the achievement of our true destiny as a race, forbid that we should allow the flag of National independence to be lowered and Ireland sink into a degraded, provincialized condition. Hence it is that a public movement of the character indicated is a vital necessity, and it recommends itself to our co-operation and active support on the basis of sound policy as well as true patriotism.

A convention composed of representative Irishmen from all sections of the country, embracing various shades of opinion on the Irish question, but all agreeing on the vital principle of Ireland's right to national independence, making a bold declaration of that right before the world, and devising ways and means by which a united race could struggle for its achievement, would certainly mark a new era in the progress of the Irish movement. It would be the means of placing the Irish question once more before the world in that position of prominence to which it is entitled as one of the great national or international questions of the time. It would mean the inauguration of a movement genuinely national, with a clearly defined policy and purpose; a movement that would be the means of elevating the Irish question to a higher plane, educating and purifying national thought and exciting higher and nobler aspirations—a movement that would embrace the best elements of our race, and in the furtherance of its policy would not be dominated by any clique, faction or party, or influenced in the slightest degree by the ambitions or the interests of the factionist time-servers and heaven-sent leaders. To the thousands of our countrymen who have lapsed into indifference or have kept coldly aloof it would be the means of inspiring renewed confidence and hope, while to the Irish people in Ireland it would teach the needed lesson that their hopes of nationhood are not dependent on the good will of any English minister or the exigencies of any English political party.

Under the influence of the New Movement the spirit of Whiggery and West Britonism in Ireland will give place to a healthy national sentiment, vigorous and "racy of the soil." The energies of the people, which have been hitherto wasted, striving to obtain "ameliorative measures" and installments of justice" under the leadership of political hucksters and charlatans, will once more be concentrated into one grand united effort to make "Ireland a Nation." The lines penned by Davis half a century ago lose none of their force or philosophy when applied to Ireland of the present day, namely: "When a people have the boundaries and history, the separate character and physical resources, and still more when they have the virtue and genius of a nation, they are bound in conscience, in prudence and in wisdom to assert their individuality, no matter how conciliation may lure or armies threaten." Wishing success to the New Movement, I remain yours truly,

JOHN DOWLING.

At a meeting of Division No. 5, A.O.H., of St. Louis, Mo., on June 13, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

That Division No. 5, A.O.H., indorse the call for a convention of the Irish race in America for the purpose of declaring in no uncertain tones their utter disbelief in, and disapproval of, the "parliamentary humbug" which has been carried on in the name of the Irish people for fifteen years, and to declare that the Irish race in America will not support any movement which has not for its object the complete independence of Ireland.

Joseph McDonnell, John P. Marvell, Con. J. Dennehy, committee on resolutions. P. R. Fitzgibbon, president; Con O'Keefe, secretary.

The Thomas Davis Literary Association of St. Louis, Mo., adopted the following at a meeting held on Friday, June 14:

That we fully indorse the call for a convention issued by the national press of the country.

That we believe the parliamentarian will-o'-the-wisp which has been luring the Irish people for fifteen years should be extinguished, and the true gospel of Irish independence, that of Tone and Emmet, be placed in its stead.

P. J. Reagan, James Ryan, Thomas F. Fitzpatrick, committee on resolution. Joseph McDonnell, president; Jeremiah Dennehy, secretary.

The Emmet Club of Birmingham, Ala., one of the strongest Irish organizations in that state, adopted the following resolutions at its meeting last Sunday:

WHEREAS, A convention of Irish-Americans is proposed for the purpose of adopting means other than parliamentary agitation for the independence of Ireland; and,

WHEREAS, The political parties of Great Britain have betrayed the confidence reposed in them and failed to keep their many promises to give autonomy to Ireland.

Resolved, That we indorse the proposed convention, to be held in one of the largest cities of the United States, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power financially and otherwise to further the object of said convention.

"The Irish-American Club of Indianapolis, Ind., composed of 300 of the most influential Irishmen in that city," says the Chicago *Record* of June 17, "last Saturday night approved the new movement which is under way throughout the United States looking to the emancipation of Ireland by a resort to arms. The club has raised several thousand dollars for the emancipation fund, and one of the members is authority for the announcement that nearly $2,000,000 has already been raised in the United States. It is announced that some time this summer the sympathizers with the movement will hold a national convention, probably in Baltimore or Boston. The members of the local league say that the National Irish League of New York is at the head of the movement." Following are the resolutions adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of Irish-Americans has been proposed for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence by means outside of parliamentary agitation, and

WHEREAS, We consider that parliamentary agitation is demoralizing the Irish people and destructive of Ireland's manhood;

Resolved, That we approve of the proposed convention and the inauguration of a new Irish movement on lines outside of parliamentary agitation, and pledge our moral and financial aid to whatever policy the convention may adopt; and be it further

Resolved, That we hereby request the co-operation of all Irishmen who desire the complete emancipation of motherland from British rule, and of all societies and organizations, whether beneficial, social, literary, patriotic, military, temperance, athletic or otherwise.

The committee that signed the resolutions is composed of Dr. Michael A. Young, M. J. Nonix and M. J. Burns.

At a regular meeting of the Emmet Associates of Lynn, Mass., held in their hall on June 6, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A call has been issued for a convention of Irish-Americans for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence outside of parliamentary agitation, and

WHEREAS, We consider that parliamentary agitation is demoralizing to the Irish people and destructive of Ireland's nationhood; therefore be it

Resolved, That we approve of the proposed convention and pledge our support, financially and otherwise, to its decision, provided it is a vigorous, manly and national one.

At the last meeting of the Emerald Association of Lowell, Mass., held June 10, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have learned with great pleasure of a call for a convention of the representative Irishmen of this country, for the purpose of advancing the cause of Motherland, and

WHEREAS, This call has received the hearty indorsement of all true friends of Ireland in this country and elsewhere; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Emerald Association heartily indorses the proposed "open movement" for the advancement of the cause of Irish independence, and awaits with impatience the result of the convention.

Resolved, That we pledge our moral and financial support to this long wished for movement and promise to abide by the deliberations of the meeting.

HAPPY GRADUATES.

The De LaSalle Institute, Pride of Brother Adjutor's Heart, Graduated Its Fourth Class Friday of Last Week.

Eloquent Address by the Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria.

De La Salle Institute graduated its fourth class with pleasing exercises at Central Music Hall last evening, says the *Times-Herald* of Saturday last. There was a magnificent audience present, including a large representation of the Catholic clergy of the city. A class of twenty-eight in the scientific and commercial departments of the institute received diplomas from the hands of Archbishop Feehan, who presided. Additional interest was lent to the occasion by the presence and address of Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria. His subject was: "Aims and Ends of Education."

The exercises began with the singing of a "Sailor's Glee," by the De La Salle choir, numbering about thirty of the pupils. A novel feature of the commencement orations was the fact that one general theme had been selected for all of them, each speaker discussing a particular phase of this theme. "Christianity and Mohammedanism" was this general theme. Joseph P. Reidy treated of the relative success of the two religions, and compared their characteristics and qualities. Philip J. Legier treated of their relative influence in education; John P. Murray of their influence in politics, and Philip H. Treacy, in literature. The valedictorian was Philip H. Treacy: "The Nun and the Knight," a medieval idyl, was given by Joseph M. O'Sullivan, with much elocutionary effect. "The Old Kentucky Home" and "Soldiers' Chorus," sung by the De La Salle choir, were the other musical numbers of the programme.

Medals for general proficiency in their respective classes were awarded in the scientific department to Philip H. Treacy and Daniel J. Sullivan; in the commercial department, to Francis P. Curran, Bartholomew R. O'Toole and Charles J. Deegan; in the academic department, to Edmund Bancroft, William J. Redden, Douglas J. Sloan and Edward M. Kerwin.

Two weeks ago members of the elocution class competed for gold medals. Last night these were awarded, in the first division to Philip H. Treacy; second division, to John Doran; third division, to Harry Shepherd Byrne.

Diplomas were awarded as follows: Scientific department, P. H. Treacy, P. J. Legier, J. P. Murray, G. E. Tucker. Commercial department, F. J. Corr, F. J. Coles, M. J. Connelly, James P. Conlon, J. M. Cullen, F. P. Curran, W. H. Herbert, W. F. Herely, H. L. Jauchzer, Thomas D. Long, Owen E. Love, J. E. Maloney, P. E. Mauss, J. M. McCarthy, J. P. Reidy, E. J. Murphy, W. A. Norville, M. J. O'Connor, J. M. O'Sullivan, E. D. Treacy, William J. Lyons, A. H. Puzh, M. J. Gleason, B. P. Donnelly, R. R. Donnelly.

Bishop Spalding was introduced by Archbishop Feehan. Enthusiastic applause greeted him. He said, in part:

"If, in Europe intelligent men should discuss what characteristics distinguish the American from other men, making him a man apart, it would probably be agreed that it was his activity, his energy, his practical sense, his preoccupation with material things and mechanical devices. Superficially this seems true, but really what gives Americans their quality apart is their greater faith in education. They really care more for it than any other people. Many causes have brought this about. The course of history has led up to this appreciation.

"The influences that have affected it began in Greece, which is still in a measure the teacher of the world. Her education was an aristocratic one. From Palestine another impulse to education came through the children of Israel and our Savior. This is a democratic impulse, looking toward the people. Christ is the mightiest teacher still. His was the supreme impulse in education to the end of the world. Through the organization of the church He has continued to teach. Every Christian congregation became a school teaching the things which have been enlarging the opportunities of man, uplifting woman and consecrating childhood.

"The outbreak of democracy in Europe, at the end of the last century, was another mighty impulse given to popular education.

"Another cause for American faith in education is the change that has come over modern thought. Now we see that God created His universe on an educational basis of growth, development, evolution. Nothing is created as itself, but to become itself.

"Looking at the individual we see that, unlike His plans for the rest of the animate creation, God keeps the offspring of man a long time weak, helpless, ignorant and dependent, so that he may be educable. The years of dependence are prolonged that there may be longer training toward the absolute perfection, which, in man, is the godlike, the beautiful, the just. To educate ourselves is the end toward which we all strive, whether we act consciously or unconsciously. The crude idea of education is that the world is full of desirable things and that the object of life is to prepare to get as many of these desirable things as possible. And as money is the representative of these things, money seems to be the object sought, but really such are seeking education.

"The more advanced we are the clearer we understand that education is development toward the right things. So it is with liberty. The crude idea of liberty, as a boy's idea, is of opportunity to do what we like to do. The real meaning is opportunity to grow. We are a people devoted to liberty—liberty of conscience first of all—and liberty of conscience leads us to the belief in liberty of education.

"We Americans are sworn to freedom of teaching. Hence we have no right to make all men, by force of law, take the same views of education. We Catholics take a view of education which is held also by a majority of others as a sound philosophical view, but which they hold may not be taken up practically in the public life of America. This view makes of man a divine being. We say his great business is to make himself more and more like God, He being the infinite, absolute. We cannot leave this key-note out of life. As a being who is but a sojourner here he must not neglect religion. We say let it surround the child wherever he is, at home, in the school, everywhere.

"In spite of all that we have done man has never become all that it is possible for him to become. We cannot conceive of life except as rooted in God. If so, are you going to try to exclude God anywhere? If you do not believe in God this view does not bind you. But, since we as a people do believe in God, are Christians, if we are logical we must take this view.

"Religion is like conscience. It is either supreme or nothing at all. To make it secondary is to deny it. Man is not man because of intelligence, but because of character. We can educate only a few in the highest intellectuality. But we can educate all in character."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

As predicted, "Little Robinson Crusoe," at the Schiller, has turned out to be the biggest kind of a success. Press and public unite in the judgment that it is by far the most attractive, and likely to prove the most popular burlesque performance ever given in Chicago. Upon the occasion of its production Saturday night, the house was crowded to the doors, hundreds of people being turned away. It was a gala occasion, and the piece was received with a degree of enthusiasm and applause seldom witnessed in the theatre. The great attendance of the opening night and the splendid and enthusiastic way in which this great attraction is received, have been nightly repeated, and it is now beyond all question that not only is "Little Robinson Crusoe" the leading attraction of the summer season (indeed it is the only novelty in town) but also that it will be a great winner, both as regards popular success and pecuniary results. The great company, at the head of which is Eddie Foy, in his eccentric and amusing character Dare-Devil Willie, has been received by the public superbly. Recalls and encores follow fast one upon another, and from the beginning to the end of the piece, Eddie Foy, and the great favorite, the now celebrated comedienne, Marie Dressler; the pretty and graceful operatic cantatrice Adele Farrington, Sadie MacDonald and the rest of the favorites are received with every evidence of public enjoyment and admiration. Manager Prior may congratulate himself on the fact that never before has a production of this kind been so cordially and handsomely received by the leading journals of Chicago. They all voice the public opinion, that this beautifully mounted and splendidly produced operatic and spectacular burlesque, is a remarkably charming, original and fascinating performance from beginning to end.

Manager Prior is to add to the many complete and modern equipments and well known comforts of the Schiller theatre, by placing in the box office a long distance telephone, especially for the convenience and comfort of patrons of the theatre in the country and in the suburban residence districts.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TRUST IS A CORPSE.

THE WHISKY COMBINE KILLED BY THE SUPREME COURT.

Leaving Two Parties Interested to Fight Over the Remains—Sweeping Decision by the Illinois Jurists Declaring the Trust Illegal.

CHICAGO, June 14.—By a decision rendered in the Illinois supreme court at Springfield the charter of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company—known as the whisky trust—is annulled, and the legal existence of the corporation is ended. The decision sustains the judgment of the circuit court of Cook county, and amounts to a substantial victory for Attorney General Moloney, who instituted the proceedings two years ago last month. The opinion was written by Justice Bailey, and has the unanimous approval of his associates. The decision contains a sweeping and emphatic condemnation of trusts, monopolies, and combines. In effect it is a denunciation of the management as well as formation of the whisky trust. Judge Gibbons' finding is upheld throughout.

Two Factions Battling for Control.

The reorganization committee claims that the decision is a help and not a hindrance to its plans, and the receiver is rallying his forces and preparing to resist any attempt that may be made by original owners to regain possession of the properties. A corporation having a capital of $35,000,000 is deprived of its charter. Two factions are battling for control of the vast assets of the concern. On the one hand is Joseph B. Greenhut and his allies, with their suits and counter suits, fighting for $500,000 of the stock and nearly $1,000,000 of the company's bonds. Greenhut and every vestige of the old management are repudiated, but they are still able to complicate affairs legally. On the other hand are R. B. Hartshorne, S. W. Rice et al., of the reorganization committee, now directing the management in co-operation with the receiver.

First Owners Get Out Their Clubs.

But in the background stand the first owners of the distilleries, with clubs in their hands ready and anxious to get a chance at their old properties. The former owners of the distilleries are the people who are expected to make trouble. For weeks past they have been expecting the decision. The supreme court having declared the charter of the whisky trust void, the original owners claim that the distilleries revert to them, and to that end are warring. Marshal Arnold had a conference with Receiver McNulta and took precautions to meet any possible move on the part of the distillers. Marshal Arnold has sixty special deputies at the Shufeldt, Riverdale and Calumet distilleries, and his office was crowded with reserve men and others seeking appointment as special deputies for the expected raid on the distilleries.

MOLONEY STILL AFTER PULLMAN.

Believes He Will Down the Magnate in the Supreme Court.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 14.—Attorney General Moloney in discussing the decision of the supreme court in the whisky trust case said: "It is plain also from the language used by the supreme court in this case that the Pullman Palace Car company will meet with the same fate at the hands of this court that the whisky trust met with. The supreme court has expressly decided that corporations organized under the laws of this state have only such express powers as are granted to them, and that their powers must be strictly construed, and all that is not given to them in express language is denied."

The words of the supreme court are: "It should be remembered that grants of powers in corporate charters are to be construed strictly, and that what is not clearly given is by implication denied. The defendant is authorized to own such property as is necessary for carrying on its distillery business and no more. Its power to acquire and hold property is limited to that purpose."

This language, it is claimed, clearly sounds the death-knell of the Pullman corporation when it reaches the supreme court. It is what the attorney general has always claimed the law to be, and Judge Gibbons in the whisky trust case agreed with him, but the circuit judge in the Pullman case differed from both as well as from the supreme court.

Suspended for Sunday Bike Riding.

CHICAGO, June 15.—The Young Men's Christian Association Athletic Union has taken action in reference to the wheelmen who rendered themselves liable to its discipline by participation in a Sunday run. As a result fifteen members, eleven from the Ravenswood and four from the West side departments, will be suspended from the rights and privileges of membership in the union for the next three months. This does not involve a loss of membership in the association.

Fire Costs an Ohio Town $225,000.

GREENVILLE, June 13.—Fire broke out here in a stable in the rear of the Winter block, surrounded by business houses, and swept several of them and spread over two squares solidly built up, burning up Mosier's store, Westerfield's wholesale house, three printing offices, the Methodist Episcopal church, five dwellings, a large livery stable, and damaging several other dwellings. A conservative estimate of the total loss is $225,000.

Fatal Explosion at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, June 13.—Clem B. Penrose was instantly killed and the following injured by the explodon of a boiler in the Union cotton press plant in this city: Preston L. Lahy, H. S. Schneider, Joseph Frankenbush and Henry Offer, all more or less scalded; Laura Jones, injured by falling bricks. Several others whose names could not be ascertained were also badly scalded.

Death of a Prize Stallion.

LACON, Ills., June 15.—"Light of the West," an imported shire stallion valued at $10,000, owned by Burgess Bros., is dead of mesentric hernia. The horse took the first premium at the World's Columbian exposition. It was the best known stallion in America, having been exhibited in every American horse show since 1890.

One of the Inalienable Rights.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 17.—Assistant Attorney General Newell renders an opinion in which he holds that aliens residing in this country are subject to taxation the same as naturalized citizens.

COXEY LOSES HIS DAUGHTER.

Ex-"Weaker" Carl Browne Marries Her Secretly, but It Leaks Out.

PHILADELPHIA, June 12.—"General" Coxey, the organizer of the "Commonweal" which marched to Washington last year, has been in this city, but started for home at Massillon, O. Here he heard news he did not like. It seems that his daughter Mamie, the "Goddess of Peace" of his "army" last year, has gone and got married to Carl Browne, the "general's" chief aide in that freak. It also appears that the marriage was a secret one, the couple pledging their faith on the quiet before a justice of the peace and then going their way, expecting to create a spectacular sensation by announcing the news at Washington on the Fourth of July. But it leaked out. Miss Mamie is 19 and Browne 45.

Before he left here Coxey was told the news and said: "I shall not make any trouble when I reach home. My decision on this question was reached some time ago. I told Mr. Browne three weeks ago that he should provide a home for his wife and support her there. I have advised her as to the steps she has taken. In an interview I had with my daughter in this city I advised her to postpone her marriage until such time as he proved his ability to care for her. She has chosen to overlook my advice, and there is absolutely nothing more that I can say except that my home will be open to her at any time in the future, should she repent of her bargain."

DEBS IS NO LONGER MISSING.

He Appears at the Marshal's Office Thirty-One Hours Behind Time.

CHICAGO, June 13.—Deputy marshals spent the whole morning yesterday trying to find Eugene V. Debs, who had failed to keep his parole at 4 p. m. Tuesday, and could not therefore be taken to Woodstock jail to serve out his sentence. The marshal was almost in despair, when at 11 o'clock the missing man, accompanied by Lester C. Hubbard, editor of Housewife, made his appearance at the marshal's office and said he had been taken sick while at Hubbard's house and had gone to sleep. His host had concluded not to awaken him and he had slept all night and missed his appointment with the marshal.

Debs was taken into the marshal's private office and later placed in the custody of a deputy, who put him to bed. Marshal Arnold said: "I will let him go to bed until nearly train time and nobody shall bother him. He will be taken to Woodstock at 5 o'clock this afternoon in company with Director M. J. Elliott, who arrived from the east this morning." The reporters for the afternoon press here who saw Debs when he showed up are unanimous in the statement that the A. R. U. president had been toying with that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock Debs was taken to jail at Woodstock, and Howard taken one hour later to Will county jail, Joliet.

OFFER FOR WHISKY TRUST PLANT.

Reorganization Committee Wants to Buy It for Nearly $10,000,000.

CHICAGO, June 15.—The reorganization committee offers to purchase the plant of the whisky trust for $4,800,000, provided the court orders the receiver to allow as consideration such a proportion of the sum total as would be divided among 247,067 shares of stock held by the reorganization committee. This offer is made in a petition for the judicial sale of the trust's effects, which was filed in the United States circuit court clerk's office last evening.

The petitioners set forth as reasons for an immediate sale the fact that the business under the receivership does not tend to any permanence and the retention of the regular trade in the face of sharp competition is impossible, and that further control by the receiver tends to the ultimate injury of the stockholders. The petition will be called up next week and be attacked by all the opposing interests.

SCARCITY OF SEALS.

Report of the Commander of the Cutter Fleet in Bering Sea.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Captain Hooper, in command of the cutter fleet in Bering sea, has reported to the treasury department that observations south of Unalaska convince him that the seal herds moving north are far less numerous than formerly. This scarcity, it is believed, is entirely due to the indiscriminate slaughter of the last two or three years. While patrolling the waters of the north Pacific Captain Hooper has boarded and searched a number of sealers, both Canadian and American, but there was no evidence of unlawful killing and hence they were allowed to proceed. In case Captain Hooper's observations in the open sea hold good at the islands it is very probable that the maximum catch of the North American Commercial company will be materially reduced even from last year, when it reached only about 18,000 skins.

TRAIN WRECKERS BAFFLED.

Wanted to Throw the Pay Car from the Track and Rob It.

CINCINNATI, June 15.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck the Louisville and Nashville pay car between Vlasita and Oaklawn, Ky., about twelve miles from Covington. Ties were firmly fastened on the track at the approach to a high trestle. The pay car was expected to follow a through freight. The freight train found no obstruction at the trestle, but a passenger train from the south came along before the pay car reached that place from the north and the obstruction was removed. The obstruction could be easily seen by a train going north, but not by one going south, owing to a curve. The pay car is said to have had $50,000 in it and was delayed some time. There is no clew. No suspicious characters were seen in the neighborhood.

Cuban News from Havana.

HAVANA, June 17.—Unofficially, it is reported here, on the plantation of Senor Romello, near Guantanamo, Firmesa hanged a number of citizens, soldiers and two miners. In this instance, as in many others, the insurgents mutilated the bodies of the dead in a horrible manner.

Wholesale Robbery of Ore.

LAKE CITY, Colo., June 15.—It has been discovered that the Golden Fleece Mining company has been robbed for an unknown number of months of its high grade ore. The amount taken monthly is estimated at $40,000 in value.

INDIANA TOWN SWEPT BY FIRE.

All Except Six of the Business Buildings Totally Destroyed.

DECATUR, June 13.—The town of Geneva, in the southern part of this county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The fire was first discovered in Julius' grocery store and spread rapidly to adjoining buildings. The town has no fire protection, and owing to the drought all the cisterns and many of the wells were dry, leaving the town at the mercy of the flames. The entire business portion of the place was burned, excepting about six business rooms.

The thing that saved the Shamrock hotel and the bank building was the blowing up with dynamite the saloon building adjoining the Shamrock before the flames reached it. The aggregate loss on buildings and stock will reach over $100,000. In no instance was stock saved from the burning buildings. Several people were seriously injured during the fire, but no fatalities have been reported. There was not over $10,000 insurance carried by merchants in Geneva, making everything a total loss and leaving several business firms almost penniless. Four fine residences with all their contents were also consumed. The fire department in this city was sent for, but could not reach the fire in time to save anything.

OPENING OF A GREAT CANAL.

Prince Hohenzollern Breaks a Thread and the Thing Is Done.

KIEL, June 18.—The Russian and French squadrons which are to take part in the ceremonies attendant upon the opening of the Baltic and North Sea canal arrived here together and exchanged cheers with the German guard ships. The Italian squadron arrived some time later.

The entry of the British war ships was the signal for the continuous booming of salutes, with the bands in the forts and on the foreign men-of-war playing their national anthems. The harbor illuminations last night were of the most elaborate description.

The canal was opened today by Prince Hohenzollern breaking a thread across the entrance of the canal. The royal reception rooms in the Kiel station, in which Emperor William received the German nation's guests, were decorated and fitted out after the style of the state rooms in the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. There is a tremendous crowd at the festivities, and the largest fleet of war vessels ever collected, considering the size and power of the different ships. The United States is represented among others by the splendid cruiser New York.

TAYLOR TO GET NO MERCY.

Dakota Is Not in the Business of Compounding Felonies.

DEADWOOD, S. D., June 18.—Governor Sheldon, who is now in Deadwood, and Treasurer Phillips say that the stories so freely published in eastern papers within the last few days to the effect that a compromise had been effected with the defaulter and his bondsmen which practically allows Taylor to go free, and to retain the greater part of his stealings, is absolutely without foundation. Taylor will be compelled to make restitution in full, and no action on his part or the part of his bondsmen to this end will mitigate the degree of his crime or lessen his punishment.

The governor and Treasurer Phillips are both authority for the statement that the state will not lose a cent; that property of sufficient value to more than cover Taylor's defalcation has been turned over to the state by Taylor and his bondsmen, and that notwithstanding this the case against him will be pushed with as much severity as though it had been undertaken against a less prominent criminal.

Will Fight the Anti-Gambling Law.

BUTTE, Mont., June 15.—The proprietors of the gambling houses throughout Montana have decided to fight the anti-gambling laws which go into effect on July 1. The Atlas gambling house in Helena will remain open until after the law goes into effect and the case will at once be taken before the supreme court, which, it is said, consented to hear the arguments without delay. Ex-Senator Sanders has been engaged by the gamblers to conduct the contest.

Four Killed by an Explosion.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 15.—Four persons were killed and a half score were injured by the explosion of a new boiler in the Langley harness shop, while the building was completely wrecked. The names of the dead are: Adele Dube, Lelia Horton, Adolph E. Bellefuille and Robert Murray. The seriously injured are: Thomas Barry, will undoubtedly die; Mattie Durochee, fatally; William Russell, Alice Tremblay and Ida Lepage.

Carlisle Speaks at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, June 15.—The large personal following of Secretary Carlisle in this city and the keen interest felt by all classes in the currency question filled Music Hall last evening with such a crowd as Louisville never before saw congregated on a similar occasion. Carlisle was heartily received and made an extended and eloquent speech on the great question at issue.

Iowa Towns Consolidated.

LYONS, June 14.—The annexation of the city of Lyons to Clinton is now complete and this city is defunct. No distinctive title has been given it but it will probably be known as North Clinton and comprise the Sixth and Seventh wards of Clinton. Clinton's population is now 23,000.

Ohio Populist Convention.

COLUMBUS, O., June 15.—The Populist state convention has been called to meet here Aug. 1 and 2. There will be about 700 delegates in it. J. S. Coxey, of the commonweal army fame, will probably be the candidate for governor.

THE DEATH RECORD.

S. A. LINCOLN, one of the pioneers of Kalamazoo, Mich.

SELIG W. GREENBAUM, prominent business man, at Burlington, Ia.

Dr. HENRY PALMER, surgeon of the Iron brigade during the war, at Janesville, Wis.

Ex-State Senator HIRAM FRANCESCO, at Madison, Ind.

JOHN M. GILMORE, prominent citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich.

WILLIAM PENT, prominent attorney of New York.

Judge FELIX P. ROCHE, prominent southern jourist, at New Orleans.

Dr. GEORGE B. MINER, wealthy merchant of Milwaukee.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, June 14.—The senate passed the Löwenthal bill regulating the grant of franchises to gas and street railway companies, etc., and the Littler revenue bill, which will fail in the house. The governor's veto of the bill prohibiting the making of cigars by convicts was rejected, only Barnes, Campbell of Hamilton, Craig, Ford, Higbee, Leeper, Mahoney and Paisley voting in favor of the veto. Torrens' land title bill was agreed to with house amendments.

The house passed the same bill; also the general appropriation bill, but refused to pass over the governor's veto the convict-made cigar bill. The bill prohibiting domestic animals running at large was passed; also those providing relief for indigent soldiers and families and creating a pension fund for disabled fire insurance patrolmen. The senate referred the house arbitration bill, which kills it, and passed a number of bills of less importance. There was much confusion in the house during the day.

SPRINGFIELD, June 15.—The two houses of the Illinois legislature adjourned at midnight last night, there being the usual rush of business at the close, and some confusion in the house owing to the antics of a drunken janitor. The senate passed a number of bills at the closing session, among them: To prevent the use of slot machines, etc.; providing the necessary revenue for the state; resolution for a joint committee on statutory revision; for the expenses of the state charitable institutions; Crawford's elevated railway bill—over the governor's veto; to compel payment of wages in bankable currency; tax levy bill.

The report on convict labor was adopted. Other bills passed were: Shutting up barber shops on Sundays; flag-on-public-buildings bill; requiring the destruction of noxious weeds; to protect laborers in coal mines. There were columns of other bills passed and at 12:30 this morning the senate adjourned sine die. The house was full of spectators and the scene was a lively one. All the the appropriation bills were passed, including one for a survey of a ship canal from the lake to the Mississippi. The Miller frontage bill, vetoed by the governor, was laid on the table.

The flag-on-public-buildings bill was passed. The joint resolution for statutory revision was lost, as was the bill making train robbery punishable with death. Salomon's department store bills failed to pass. A bill was passed providing for free scholarships in the University of Illinois. There were a host of bills that got left in the closing scramble and at midnight the house dissolved and today the members are on their way home for good.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 16.—It is said by those close to Governor Altgeld that he will veto two bills now before him. One is the libel bill and the other is the bill providing that all contests for the nomination for a particular office shall be settled by the state or county central committee of the party to which the contestants belong. The libel bill provides that in all libel suits only actual damages may be recovered if it shall appear that the publication was made in good faith, and that its falsity was due to mistake or misapprehension of the facts, and that a retraction was duly made in as conspicuous a manner and place as was the libel.

It also provides that no exemplary or punitive damages shall be recovered unless a retraction shall have been demanded in writing and refused. The governor, it is said, looks upon these provisions as affording too much protection to newspapers which are recklessly or maliciously conducted. The election bill was prepared jointly by John R. Tanner and W. H. Hinrichsen, chairmen respectively of the Republican and Democratic state central committees. The ground of the governor's opposition is said to be that it virtually gives the state and county central committees the power to dictate the nominations for all the public offices of the state.

LATER.—The governor has vetoed the nomination contest bill.

He Refused to Support His Family.

PRINCETON, Ills., June 17.—Three months ago August H. Heap, of Spring Valley, for trifling reasons refused to contribute toward the support of his wife and child, and for so doing he was fined in the county court here $200 and sentenced to jail for two months. The case is said to be the first in the state under the new law compelling husbands to provide support for their families.

Illinois Corn Benefited by Rain.

LACON, Ill., June 18.—A heavy rain has fallen in this section, after a six weeks' drought, doing corn inestimable good. The oats, hay, wheat and berry crops are beyond saving.

Notes of the State.

Guy A. Henshaw, a brakeman, was killed at Marblehead, Ills., in trying to make a flying switch.

Otto Boehme, surrogate judge of La Salle county, Ills., married Miss Clara de Bowelinsky at the suburban home of the bride's mother at Fort Scott, Kas. The wedding was a fashionable one.

Barney Brewington, whose alleged headquarters are at Litchfield, was arrested at Greenville, Ills., charged with receiving goods under false pretenses.

Fire-damp in a well near Monticello, Ills., caused the death of Jesse Carnell Prar and James.

Iowa Soldiers' Home Row.

MARSHALLTOWN, June 18.—There is no abatement of the commotion at the Iowa Soldiers' Home over the injunction suit to restrain the management from withholding pension money in excess of $6 a month. Commandant Ratekin has made a public statement refuting the charge against Adjutant Longley made by the plaintiff, Daniel Ball, that his signature to the first affidavit was obtained by deception and misrepresentation. The payment of the June pensions has just been completed, and the rule relative to excess was strictly enforced, singularly enough without a protest from a single petitioner.

Des Moines Is a "Dry" Town.

DES MOINES, June 14.—Judge Spurrier has signed the decree closing all the saloons. The muiet petition being insufficient, he said, the old prohibitory law is fully in force again. The saloonmen have appealed to the supreme court.

CHAMPIONS OF SILVER.

They Gather in Force in Memphis to Boom the White Dollar.

MEMPHIS, June 12.—Friends of silver representing twenty states of the south and west began a two-days convention in this city yesterday. Fifteen hundred delegates, comprising Democrats, Republicans and Populists, but with "honest money" as the slogan of all, filled the lower floor and a large portion of the balconies at the Auditorium when the gathering was called to order. On the stage, besides the officers of the Central Bimetallic League of Memphis, under whose auspices the gathering is held, were with very few exceptions all the leading advocates of the free coinage of silver in the United States. They included Senators Bate and Harris, of Tennessee; Jones and Berry, of Arkansas; George and Walthall, of Mississippi; Marion Butler, of North Carolina; Tillman, of South Carolina; ex-Governor Prince, of New Mexico; Senator Turpie of Indiana; Governor John G. Evans, of South Carolina; ex-Governor Eagle, of Arkansas; ex-Representative William Bryan, of Nebraska; General A. J. Warner, of Ohio; C. S. Thomas and Alva Adams, of Colorado; Alexander Delmar, of California, and congressmen and bankers from Tennessee and adjoining states by the dozen.

The number of people in the Auditorium did not exceed that which greeted Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle upon his appearance here on May 23, but the demonstration was equally as imposing and enthusiastic as the one witnessed on that occasion. A permanent organization was effected, and addresses were delivered by Chairman Turpie and Alexander Delmar, of California, in the afternoon, and by Congressman Sibley, of Pennsylvania; C. S. Thomas, of Denver, and Aaron Wolcott, of Indiana, in the evening. Today will be devoted to speeches by some of the most distinguished of the visitors and the consideration of the report of the committee on resolutions, of which Senator Jones, of Arkansas, is chairman.

MEMPHIS, June 14.—The free silver convention completed its business yesterday and adjourned. From the beginning to the end it was an enthusiastic gathering, and its conclusions were stated in a declaration that was kept well within the object of the meeting as stated by Senator Harris. The platform dealt with the money question and that only. It is a clean cut demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 without consulting any other nation. There was a good deal of speechmaking during the day, and all the speakers were applauded vigorously and enthusiastically.

Won by an Outsider.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The Suburban Handicap was a shocking surprise. Not only was it won by an outsider—Lazzarone in 2:07 4-5—but Domino, the favorite, didn't get a place. Those pessimists who said that racing would come to an end under the new betting system had to change their views when they saw the ring. There were fifty bookmakers and each was kept busy calling names to his sheet-writer. A quiet, but business-like young man, Riley Grannis, moved quietly from stand to stand, betting on Lazzarone, first 12 to 1, then at 10 to 1, finally cutting down to the lowest mark, 3 to 1. He easily won $70,000.

Costly Fire at New York.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Jacobs' theater, on Third avenue, has been destroyed by fire. Loss, $200,000 on the theater and on adjoining buildings $100,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 17.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Price mercantile paper 3½@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@488¼ for demand and 484¼@486¾ for sixty days; posted rates 486@490; commercial bills, 483¼@484¾.

Silver certificates 63¾@67¾; no sales; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars 48¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 123¾; do. coupons, 125¾; 5's reg., 110¾; 5 coupons, 113¾; 4's reg., 111¾; 4's coupons, 113; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 17.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 73½c, closed 73½c; July, opened 74c, closed 73½c; September, opened 73¾c, closed 75½c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 43¾c; July, opened 43½c, closed 44¾c; September, opened 45¼c, closed 54½c. Oats—June, nominal, closed 19c; July, opened 23¾c, closed 22c; September, opened 27¾c, closed 22½c. Pork—June, nominal, closed $12.85; July, opened $12.60, closed $12.45. Lard—June, nominal, closed $6.52½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 17½c per lb; extra dairy, 13@16c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 10½@11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 19@22c per lb.; hens, 8c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 8@9½c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, 50@75c per bu.; old, 25@30c. Strawberries—Michigan, $1.00@1.75 per 16-qt. case. Blackberries, Illinois, $1.50@1.75 per 24-qt. case. Apples—$2.50@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@14c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 17.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 22,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.35 pigs, $4.30@4.60 light, $4.40@4.55 rough packing, $4.60@4.75 mixed, and $4.60@4.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 10,000; quotations ranged at $3.85@5.80 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@5.80 good to choice do., $4.45@4.80 fair to good, $3.75@4.35 common to medium do., $3.00@4.00 butchers' steers, $2.25@3.85 stockers, $2.75@3.80 feeders, $1.70@2.90 cows, $2.80@4.80 heifers, $2.25@4.25 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 6,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.85 westerns, $1.50@3.25 Texans, $1.75@4.60 natives, and $3.80@4.60 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.

Wheat—Cash, 74½c bid; June, 70½c nominal; July, 73½c asked; August, 71c nominal; September, 74½c asked. Corn—Cash, 43½c bid; June, 43½c asked; July, 44½c; September, 47½c. Oats—Cash, 23½c bid; June 23½c nominal; July, 27½c bid; September, 27½c bid.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, June 17.

Wheat—Cash and June, 77½c asked; July, 73½c bid; August, 74½c bid; September, 77½c bid. Corn—Cash, 50c; July, 49½c; September, 50c. Oats—July, 29½c. September, 19½c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, June 17.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 74½c; No. 1 northern, 80½c; July, 74½c. Corn—No. 2, 47½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31½c; No. 3, 31c. Barley—No. 2, 60c; sample, 45@51c. Rye—No. 1, 55½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 12.

Five thousand francs, that is to say barely $1,000, is the amount that has been obtained by the public auction at Paris of the vast stacks of love letters addressed to Mme. Becamier by most of the leading men of her time.

The child which Mrs. Konopka, a Russian immigrant, threw out of the cars at Terre Haute, Ind., is recovering, and the mother is regaining her reason.

During the debate in the Belgian chamber of deputies a man who was in the public gallery suddenly commenced shouting out insulting words regarding King Leopold and the ministry. He was promptly expelled.

Senator Brice, it is stated, has announced to friends his intention of being a candidate for re-election to the United States senate from Ohio.

The roundhouse, seven locomotives and other property of the Santa Fe railway were destroyed by fire at Arkansas City, Kas. Loss, $125,000.

The Roman Catholic University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Ind., is celebrating elaborately its fiftieth anniversary. A number of prominent prelates, including Ireland, are present.

Thursday, June 13.

Eight persons committed suicide and two others made unsuccessful attempts at self-destruction in St. Louis during the first ten days of June.

The suit of William P. Laidlaw against Russell Sage for $50,000 damages for injuries received by the explosion of a bomb in Sage's office four years ago is on trial in the supreme court of New York.

E. M. Landis has resigned the position of private secretary to the secretary of state to resume his law practice in Chicago. J. Walter Blandford, who was private secretary to Olney while attorney general, succeeds to the vacancy.

Charles Walton Ogden, a wealthy clubman of New York, killed himself while suffering from religious mania.

The new Secretary of State Olney received the foreign diplomats this morning at 10 o'clock. The occasion was the usual formal introduction of a new premier and the diplomatic corps.

A colored tough at Princeton, N. J., without adequate provocation shot Frederick Ohl and another student. Ohl has since died. The other student was not fatally hurt.

Friday, June 14.

John Bohemann, convicted of murder in the second degree for killing Henry Knop and John Selma, at Brooklyn, was sentenced to imprisonment for life at Sing Sing.

Richard S. Quay, son of United States Senator M. S. Quay, married Miss Elizabeth Loring Waters at the home of the bride's parents at Sewickley, Pa.

Edwin Gould, the young millionaire, said: "My brother George has no political aspirations. The talk of his becoming a candidate for governor of New Jersey is all nonsense."

The Blasland-Parcels-Jordan Shoe company, of St. Louis, has given a deed of trust to protect creditors, whose claims amount to $87,546.

General J. B. Weaver has written a letter to Sylvester Crane, the Populist candidate for governor of Iowa, in which he says he will support the ticket.

Isaac Hart, aged 81, who was the oldest active merchant in Cincinnati, is dead. He was at the head of the wholesale clothing firm of Isaac Hart & Sons.

Saturday, June 15.

Placards have been posted in various parts of Paris calling upon the inhabitants to display flags draped with crape so long as the French ships are at Kiel attending the opening of the new German ship canal.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was 86 years old yesterday and the day was remembered quietly by her many friends. Congratulations came to her from all parts of the world.

"Mike" Murray, who had been called the richest and handsomest professional gambler in New York, died at his office in that city, presumably of heart failure. He was at one time a partner of John Morrissey.

Congressman Paul S. Sorg will be the next Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio. This was decided, so it is said, at a conference of Ohio Democratic politicians at the Waldorf hotel, New York.

It is announced that the next cabinet council at Madrid will consider the question of strengthening the Spanish naval force in Cuba at once.

Monday, June 17.

No Americans were hurt in the riots at Cheng Tu, China, nor was much American property destroyed.

Baillie, Unionist, has been elected to the British parliament from Inverness-shire—another gain for the Conservatives.

Grasshoppers have appeared near Peshtigo and in other parts of Wisconsin and begun destroying the crops.

Expressing his opinion of the appointment of Richard Olney as secretary of state, "Joe" Manley, the Maine Republican, who is now touring in England, says it was the best that could have been made.

Peter Cousino and wife tried to cross ahead of a Michigan Central train near Monroe, Mich. They were thrown forty feet and fatally wounded.

John Hudson, a negro wheelman, won the annual Halliday road race, fifteen miles, at Mansfield, Mass.

Dr. Henry Palmer was found dead in his bed at Janesville, Wis. The deceased was surgeon of the Iron Brigade during the civil war.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take Hood's Pills for Sick Headache.

THE NAUTILUS.

[A cradle song.]

The winds upon the summer sea
Droop lazily, croon lazily;
Afar upon the water floats
The tiniest of fairy boats;
Hither it bends its sails for us—
The gleaming, gliding nautilus.

Queer haven hath that little boat,
In coral groves, aloof, remote,
Where, amber dyed, the fishes dwell
Deep underneath the glassy swell.
The little boat, the nautilus,
Adream, afloat, adrift for us!

And light and free, and glad and gay
We'll glide away, we'll gleam away,
Beyond the listless breakers' mouth,
To north, to east, to west, to south!
The little boat has come for us—
The nautilus! the nautilus!

A pearly ship with silken sails
All spiced with balm of Indian gales
From fair Ceylon and Celebes,
From clove and nard and coffee trees,
Sweet as a censer it drifts to us—
The fairy boat, the nautilus.

Oh, close your eyes and dream awhile!
Oh, close your eyes and dream and smile!
Hark! how the slumbrous ripples sing.
The lazy billows rock and swing!
The ebbing tide goes out with us,
Slow drifting with the nautilus.

—Ida Whipple Benham in Youth's Companion.

A "DARK" DRAMATIST

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who is it?"

"He won't give no name, sir, but he says his business is most pressin and pertik'lar. I told him you was engaged, but he would take no denial."

"Confound the fellow," said Mr. Quillet, throwing down his pen. "I'm busy. I can't possibly see him. Where have you left him, Jane?"

"In the hall, sir."

"I say, you ought not to have done that. Ten to one he's some thieving fellow after the hats and umbrellas. But you girls from the country"—

Mr. Quillet did not complete his sentence, for at that minute a tall, dark man walked calmly into the room, and after bowing to the astonished owner of the house, with the blandest and most self possessed of smiles, said suavely:

"I wish to see you in private, sir."

Jane, the housemaid, seeing threatenings of a storm upon her master's face and not caring to await its outburst, thought it discreet to take the visitor's hint. So she slipped hurriedly out of the room. Mr. Quillet and the intruder stood facing each other.

"Pray, sir, to what am I indebted for the honor of this call?" demanded Mr. Quillet, glaring at the stranger through his eyeglass.

"Permit me to explain," asked the other, with a smile and a bow.

"I will trouble you, sir, to be as brief as possible," said Mr. Quillet impatiently. "My time is valuable, and I cannot afford to waste it. Now, then, what is it you want?"

"I see it stated in The Referee, Mr. Quillet, that you are writing a tragedy for production at the Erectheum. May I ask you, sir, if that statement is correct?"

"You may ask," replied Mr. Quillet freezingly, "but whether I give you an answer or not is another matter. I must first request that you have the goodness to explain in what way my literary engagements concern you, sir."

"They—or rather this particular one—concern me very nearly, as I shall soon show you. I wonder now, sir, whether this tragedy of yours is yet completed?"

"Upon my word," retorted Mr. Quillet, drawing himself up, "I must really decline to gratify your curiosity."

"Well, it is of no great moment," said the other. "Let me put it to you in this way: You are writing, or have written—it does not matter which—a tragedy for production at the Erectheum. It may be a strong tragedy; it may be a weak one. But, whatever its quality, I can put into your hands an original work of my own, compared with which yours, sir, will read as weak as pap!"

"You are too flattering, sir, upon my word," gasped Mr. Quillet, astounded, as well he might be, by the fellow's brazen assurance.

"The play of which I speak," continued the stranger, disregarding Mr. Quillet's sarcasm, and producing a roll of manuscript from his pocket, "is this. I wrote it myself from first to last. And I venture to assert that it is one of the most powerful tragedies that have ever been written in the English tongue."

The stranger spoke so earnestly and with such a genuine conviction of the truth of his own words that Mr. Quillet, who was a kind hearted man at bottom, experienced a sort of revulsion in his feeling. His sense of anger at the fellow's presumption gave way to a sense of pity, mingled with contempt. It was evident that the man was one of that, alas, too numerous band of amateurs who are bitten with the tragic muse and cheat themselves into the belief that their miserable productions are something phenomenal. How many of this class there are—aye, and how impossible it is to disillusionize them!—only managers and dramatic authors really know.

Mr. Quillet therefore checked the withering retort that rose to his lips. Now that he realized the class of mortal he had to deal with, and saw that he was an object for pity rather than for anger, he adopted a more affable tone. No doubt a little judicious humoring would be the quickest way to get rid of him.

"Ah, well," he said, "you wish me to read your play, I gather? I am very busy and cannot attend to it now, but if you will leave your manuscript here, together with your name and address, I shall be pleased to glance through it at my leisure and return it to you with my opinion upon it."

The stranger smiled knowingly and shook his head.

"No, no!" he answered. "You must excuse me, Mr. Quillet, but really I know the time of day, sir. Would you look at it if I left it here? Not you. It has been to six managers, and has been returned by all six as unsuitable. But not one of them had read it. That I know very well, for I gummed the sheets together here and there as a test, and when the manuscript came back the gum was still undisturbed."

"Well, look here," ejaculated Mr. Quillet, growing angry again, "what the devil do you want, sir? You don't expect me to read your confounded play here and now, do you?"

"No, I do not," was the urbane reply. "Then what in the name of heaven do you expect?"

"I expect you to listen while I read the play aloud to you," the stranger returned, folding his arms and regarding Mr. Quillet with the calmest of stares.

The latter's patience was utterly broken down by the cool impertinence of the demand.

"We have had enough of this, sir," said Mr. Quillet witheringly. "I must wish you good day. There is the door."

The stranger drew himself up to his full height, his tall, powerful frame quite dwarfing the insignificant proportions of Mr. Quillet.

"I shall decline to move, sir," he said coolly, "until you have acceded to my request."

"This is monstrous—outrageous," gasped Mr. Quillet. "In my own house! I'll—I'll summon the police. I'll"—

"None of that, please," said the stranger, quickly interposing himself, as the other made a movement toward the bell rope. "Don't provoke me. I am dangerous when aroused. In this matter I intend to have my way. Come, Mr. Quillet, be reasonable. I offer you a compromise. Listen while I read the first act (it is very short), and if at the end you really wish to hear no more I'll take up my papers and leave the house without another word."

Mr. Quillet was speechless and stood panting with indignation. But the tall, devil may care looking stranger, with his flashing eyes and determined face, frightened our nervous little friend more than he would have cared to admit.

"Come," continued the other. "Is it a bargain?"

"It is absolutely scandalous," retorted Mr. Quillet, inwardly resolving to follow the stranger as soon as he left the house and give him in charge at once. "If you persist in this outrage, I'll take care that you regret it."

"I do persist," he answered, with a careless laugh. "I'll chance the consequences. Pray take a seat while I am reading. Act the first!"

Glaring on the bold intruder with scathing glances of impotent wrath, Mr. Quillet sank back in his armchair. He would have summoned assistance by shouting out, but he was deterred from this by two considerations—first, that the stranger looked every inch the man to resort to personal violence; second, that it would have made himself appear in a rather ridiculous light. No; the safer as well as the more dignified course was to remain quiet for the present and to give him in charge the moment he left the house. On that course Mr. Quillet most firmly resolved.

The stranger unfolded his roll of manuscript and began to read, taking no notice at all of the other's sulky scowl. The fellow's voice was musical and expressive enough, Mr. Quillet was forced to admit to himself. And the tragedy—well, there was something in it, after all. At the end of five minutes the enforced listener had forgotten to scowl. At the end of 15 he was intent and interested. At the end of 30, when the first act terminated, he was sitting spellbound.

"Shall I leave off here?" inquired the stranger, "or shall I go on? I am ready, you know, to stand by our compact."

"Go on—go on!" said Mr. Quillet, with a wave of his hand. Every trace of anger and resentment had left him. It was evident from the expression of his face and from his whole demeanor that he was alive to no other sensations than those produced by this extraordinary play.

With kindling eye and heightened color, the stranger proceeded, his deep, musical voice never missing a point nor slurring light and shade. The motif of the tragedy—to wit, the representation of the devil in a human shape—was obviously far from original, but the treatment of the subject was absolutely so, differing both in details and essentials—and differing for the better—from every previous conception. It breathed throughout an air not merely of powerful tragic interest, but of genuine reality and natural consequence, which hurried you forward to the fatal climax by a series of irresistible developments. Long before the end was reached Mr. Quillet, who was far from predisposed in the stranger's favor, saw that the piece would be a fortune to any manager and inwardly confessed that his own just completed tragedy, on which hitherto he had rather valued himself, would be literally extinguished by the blaze of so powerful a production.

But the wonderful strength and terrible pathos of the denouement soon obliterated from his mind everything in the shape of sordid calculations and left him only conscious of an overwhelming sense of tragical emotion.

"There!" said the stranger, laying down his papers, and regarding Mr Quillet's expressive face with a look of placid triumph. "What do you say? Does the piece justify the strong measures I have taken to force it on your notice or does it not? Speak, sir!"

"It—it's a masterpiece," gasped Mr. Quillet. "A work of genius—a splendid tragedy. There is no man living, and very few dead, who could have written it."

"I believe you," was the quiet reply. "It stands alone. I know it. And now I give you your reward for having heard me to the end. Take this tragedy, write your name upon it and produce it at the Erectheum for your own!"

"Eh—er—I don't understand you," Mr Quillet ejaculated, supposing that his ears had deceived him.

"My words were plain," replied the stranger. "My meaning equally so. I make you a present of my piece—out and out—with no reserve, except that you offer it to Billhurst of the Erectheum, in lieu of the one which you are now writing."

"Impossible," cried Mr. Quillet. "Common honesty forbids me to appropriate your work like that. Why, man alive, do you not realize that this tragedy is worth money to you? It means name and fortune."

"Bah!" laughed the other scornfully. "What do I want with either? I have long enjoyed too much of both. All I desire is to have my tragedy produced. In whose name, or to whose profit, I care not a straw."

"But, really," objected Mr. Quillet. "I"—

"Pish—my friend, none of these buts. With my eyes open and in good faith, I make you an offer which, while it suits me, is highly advantageous to yourself. If you are too proud to accept—well, there may be others less squeamish. But you have your chance!"

"Pride is not concerned in the matter," replied Mr. Quillet. "But how can I bring myself to put my name to another man's work? It would be a species of literary forgery."

"Nothing of the sort," was the energetic reply. "The play is my own in every sense. I have an incontestable right to make it over to you. Will you take it, or will you not?"

"Upon my word," was the hesitating rejoinder, "I—I—that is—in point of fact"—

"I can't wait," interposed the stranger briskly. "I must have 'yes' or 'no' at once. If the former, well and good; if the latter, I take it elsewhere immediately. Which is it to be?"

"Well, really, if you are bent on giving it away," answered Mr. Quillet, "I suppose I may as well profit by it as any one else."

"Yes, considerably better, from your standpoint. Very good! Then you accept the piece on the conditions named?"

"I do," replied Mr. Quillet, after some reflection. He was not prepared to reject this extraordinary offer then and there, but he reserved (mentally) to himself the right of canceling his verbal acceptance by letter, if he deemed it wiser on mature consideration.

"That is right," answered the other, taking up his hat and rising to go. "I will not detain you longer now. Probably I shall call on you again shortly."

"Stay," cried Mr. Quillet. "You will leave me your name and address, in case I wish to communicate with you?"

The stranger shook his head.

"No," he said, with an inscrutable look. "I'm afraid I can't. I have particular reasons for secrecy, which I cannot now explain. You shall learn more about me by and by. For the present I prefer to keep my identity concealed."

He rose, bowed to Mr. Quillet and hurriedly left the room. Before the latter had half recovered from his surprise the street door banged behind his mysterious visitor.

* * * * * *

Mr. Quillet read the tragedy through again to himself and was more than ever struck by its wonderful power and force. It was some time before he could make up his mind what to do about it. But at last he submitted the play to Billhurst, manager of the Erectheum, telling him the extraordinary and peculiar circumstances under which he had become possessed of it.

Billhurst read the play, and at once pronounced it a trump card.

"I tell you, Quillet," he said, with enthusiasm, "there's a mint of money in that piece. It's as certain a draw as anything I ever read. Only I don't like the very rummy way in which it has come to us. Supposing it should have been stolen, eh?"

"That is hardly probable, I think," was the rejoinder, "and if you think of taking the piece in hand you might feel your way ahead a little by putting a few preparatory notices in the newspapers."

"How would that safeguard us?" asked the manager.

"Why, in the event of the play having been cribbed or unfairly come by, the notice might catch the eye of some person interested, who would of course communicate with you."

"True," said Mr. Billhurst thoughtfully; "I will give the matter my consideration."

The manager was very much worried just then about his accounts, which showed an ugly deficit. His last venture had lost him £2,000. The current piece was not paying its way.

"But, damme, there's money in this new piece," said Mr. Billhurst to himself confidently, "and, tell you what it is, I will put it on and take all chances."

Having once made up his mind, the manager did not let the grass grow under his feet. Within a fortnight the new tragedy was in full rehearsal. It went well from the beginning. The manager was in great feather. He saw a sure and phenomenal success before him. Then an accident happened which nearly turned his hair gray. On the night before the last dress rehearsal and only two nights before the production of the piece, Standish, the leading tragedian was attacked and robbed in Drury lane, being so roughly handled that the police, who found him lying stunned on the pavement, took him straight to the nearest hospital. Here he lay in a very precarious condition.

The manager, who only heard the news when he came down to the theater the next morning, was well nigh beside himself.

"Good God, Quillet!" he ejaculated with a groan, "the play is as good as damned. Everything depends on that part, and Standish's understudy will never carry it through on the first night."

"It is a bad business," admitted Quillet ruefully.

"Please, sir," said one of the callboys, thrusting his head in at the door, "here's a gent to see you."

"D—n the gent," cried the manager. "I'm busy; I'm"—

But the callboy had withdrawn, and Mr. Billhurst found himself levelling these remarks at a tall, dark complexioned stranger, who stood bowing and smiling in the doorway.

Mr. Quillet gave a start and plucked his friend by the sleeve.

"It is the mysterious author of the piece," he whispered.

"Good morning, Mr. Quillet," said the stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Billhurst. This is unfortunate news about poor Standish."

"You have heard it, then?" said the manager, eying him with a shrewd, interested glance.

"Yes, and I came here at once. What do you propose to do, may I ask?"

"God knows. I'm sure the understudy will make a hash of it," groaned the manager.

"Most probably. Now, I am going to make a startling proposition to you. Intrust me with the part."

"You?" ejaculated the manager. "Do you know anything about acting?"

"A great deal. But try me and see," said the other confidently. "Come, I will rehearse that scene in the third act for your benefit now."

The manager said nothing, but he and Mr. Quillet exchanged glances. Taking their silence for consent this extraordinary man started his self suggested rehearsal. In five minutes the manager's rueful face was elated, flushed, eager, with new hope.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Repeat that on the stage, Mr. What's-your-name, and we'll make the piece a magnificent success yet!"

* * * * * * *

They did. The first night's audience received the new tragedy with enthusiastic favor. They called the performers—and particularly the new actor—before the curtain again and again. He was certainly splendid. The wonderful realism with which he played Mephistopheles was, said the next day's newspapers, as convincing a performance of its kind as had ever been seen upon the London stage. Billhurst was in great spirits. He believed that he had hit upon a theatrical Eldorado. When he quitted the theater that night, he felt most amiably disposed toward himself and all mankind.

But at the stage door he saw a sight which staggered him. A four wheel cab was waiting outside, and being forced into this cab by three burly looking men, against whom he was struggling like a tiger, was the mysterious stranger. A gentleman stood by, apparently superintending these operations. When he saw the manager, he came forward and raised his hat.

"Mr. Billhurst?"

"The same. What the deuce does this mean?" cried the manager.

"I am Dr. X. of the Y. asylum," explained the other. "You have taken a most dangerous recruit into your company, Mr. Billhurst. He is one of our worst cases."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the manager. "You don't mean to say that the man's mad?"

"Hopelessly so. And very cunning and dangerous. This is the third time he has escaped in six weeks. From information which we have received, we have little doubt that it was he who half murdered poor Mr. Standish."

"He?" cried the manager, his eyes wide open with dismayed astonishment. "I—I—saw that he was peculiar. But it never occurred to me that he was insane."

"No; because his particular delusion happened to fall in with your theatrical requirements, and so passed, naturally enough, for a mere stage assumption. He believes that he is the devil. And," (added the doctor, wiping his forehead and glancing toward the cab, from which the subject of his remarks was regarding him with a truly diabolical stare), "I am half disposed to think that he must be."—London Truth.

He Wore the Kilt.

The Earl of Aberdeen is very fond of New York and of New York reporters. For courtesy and knightliness on every kind of occasion he is a Scottish Sir Lancelot. Last time he was here he went to the St. Andrew's dinner. It is not customary for a Scotchman in New York to wear the kilt. The earl was indignant when I told him this. He said: "I make it a point always to wear my colors and am going to that dinner in the Gordon tartan. I always wear the kilt on notable occasions or court ceremonies in Canada."

"But," said I, "you and the piper will be the only two men that will be wearing the kilt, and the papers will all be out with pictures of you."

"I do not care," said the Gordon. "We Gordons stick by the kilt. Huntly (head of another branch of the Gordons) and I always wear it."

Sure enough his excellency the lieutenant governor of Canada turned up barelegged, filibegged, tartan feather bonneted and wearing the dirk among such canny American Scots as the Vanderbilts, Sloanes, the Todd-Kennedys, etc. The buttons nearly popped off their dress suits, but the piper was so proud that he nearly burst the bagpipes, and to his dying day (he has been piper at St. Andrew's dinners for 20 or 30 years) he will talk about "me and his lordship wearing the kilts at Delmonico's."—New York Press.

The Smallest Store in New York.

The smallest business house in New York city is a little tailor shop located at 13 North William street, a small thoroughfare just east of the bridge and off Park row. The actual inside measurements of the little shop are 3 feet 9 inches by 4 feet 2 inches, and there is just room for a small gas stove and two three legged stools. On one of these the tailor sits at his work. The other is for the waiting customer, for the business in this shop is mainly in the nature of emergency repairs. If there should be a rush of two customers, one of them would be obliged to remain outside until his turn came. For this tiny little shop the lessees, a father and son, pay $75 per month rent and make a living besides. Only one of the firm is in the store at a time, for obvious reasons.—New York World.

SAVED BY A DISPUTE.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREED, AND HAYWARD BEGAN LIFE ANEW.

A Man Now Living In Missouri Tells a Pretty Stiff Story of Burial Alive, Body Snatching and a Return of Physical Powers on the Dissecting Table.

To be buried alive while sorrowing friends are standing about the open grave and then come to life in a dissecting room is the actual experience of George Hayward, an Independence jeweler.

Although years have elapsed since he was lowered gently into his grave, the memory of the moment when the undertaker screwed down the lid of his coffin, shutting out the sunlight, and the sensation he felt as he was lowered into the grave, while a funeral dirge was being chanted by the village choir, still remains to him as a horrible dream.

He was conscious from the time he was pronounced dead until he was snatched from the grave by the medical fraternity and laid on the dissecting table in the "interest of science."

Mr. Hayward still retains the grim recollections of hearing the damp earth falling on the coffin lid, a mournful accompaniment to the sobs of relatives.

He was unable to help himself or make a sign, and knowing this, his agony was at times intense.

His greatest agony of mind occurred when the sexton rounded up his grave on top and the sound of receding footsteps smote his ear.

Mr. Hayward says that at this moment he fell into a dreamy sensation peculiar to a drowning man. How long he remained in that condition he does not know, but his sense of living again came over him when he heard a scraping on his coffin lid some little time after he had been buried. Mr. Hayward is a man 69 years of age. He related his burial and resurrection with the unconcern of a man who does not fear death.

"It was in Marshalville, England, County Gloucestershire, where I was buried," said Mr. Hayward very grimly. 'My father had a large family of boys, and he raised us all on the farm near the village. One day a farm hand accidentally struck me on the head with a pitchfork. I was soon in bed, and in two weeks my eyes closed in what was supposed to be death, yet I was conscious of every movement round me, and was even able to open my eyes enough to see many things.

"As soon as the undertaker arrived I knew that I was to be buried alive. Try as I would nothing could break the spell which bound me. Every action and every word spoken are as distinct to my mind now as then. The undertaker approached and the lid of my little prison house was fastened down. Life seemed all but gone when this took place, but, as I stated, no effort of mine could break the spell. The coffin was shoved into the wagon, and the trundling of the vehicle sounded in my ears.

"I was conscious of the fact that I was soon to be lowered into my grave. Strange as it may seem, at times I did not feel fear at my impending fate. The coffin was taken out of the wagon and lowered into the grave.

"In those days boxes were not used as a receptacle for the coffin. The clods of earth fell heavy on the lid of the casket. There I was being entombed alive, unable to speak or stay the hands of my friends.

"My effort to move proved futile, and the close air of the coffin seemed stifling to me. Suddenly the shoveling ceased, and the silence of the tomb was complete. I did not seem to have the fear that a person would naturally expect under such circumstances.

"All I remember is that the grave is a lonely place, and the silence of the tomb was horribly oppressive. A dreamy sensation came over me, and a sense of suffocation became apparent. My whole system was paralyzed; were it otherwise my struggles would have been desperate.

"How long I remained in this condition I do not know. The first sense of returning life came over me when I heard the scraping of a spade on my coffin lid. I felt myself raised and borne away. I was taken out of my coffin, not to my home, but to a dissecting room. I beheld the doctors who had waited on me at my home, dressed in long, white aprons. In their hands they had knives. Through my half closed eyes I saw them engaged in a dispute. They were trying to decide how to cut me up. One argued one way, while the other doctor took another view of the matter. All this I witnessed through my half open eyes. My sense of hearing was remarkably acute. Both approached the table and opened my mouth to take out my tongue, when, by superhuman effort, my eyelids were slightly raised. The next thing I heard was:

"'Look out, you fool, he is alive.'

"'He is dead,' rejoined the other doctor.

"'See, he opens his eyes,' continued the first doctor. The other physician let his knife drop, and a short time after that I commenced to recover rapidly. Instead of cutting me up they took me home. I owed my life to the doctors' dispute as to what ailed me during my illness."—Kansas City Journal.

The Novelist's Refuge.

"I can't bring my fagged out fancy up to the point of portraying the culminating love scene between the hero and heroine of this story," soliloquized the gifted novelist, "and I'll just say 'the interview between Roderick and Penelope, those true hearts so sorely tried, now so happily reunited at last, may be safely left to the reader's imagination.' This may be a little disappointing to the reader, but it flatters him and saves lots of work. There's cheating in all trades but ours," continued the gifted novelist, making a row of stars across the page, adding a quotation from Byron and writing the words, "The end."—Chicago Tribune.

MUSICAL REGISTRATION.

A Machine Making an Exact Record and Serving as Critic.

The savants of the Sorbonne have begun to make use of a little machine which ought to cause musical critics to tremble for the future of their profession. The musician, like the criminal, has a psychology of his own, and M. Binet, the director of the Sorbonne laboratory, evidently means to get to the bottom of it. He proceeds upon the principle that the execution must betray the psychology of the executant, but the human critic's description of a pianist's playing, as impassioned, sensuous or lymphatic, is much too rough and ready for him. Besides no two critics are ever in perfect agreement regarding the subtler details in the interpretation of a piece. M. Binet has therefore adapted a piece of mechanism, invented by M. Lund, which registers visibly and with unerring certainty the manner in which a piece has been played. On a piece of paper we are given a truthful record of the entire performance, the duration of the notes, the rapidity of attack, the variations in touch, legato, staccato, crescendo, diminuendo — in short, everything indicative of the degree of musical execution and expression that has been attained. Even a conservatory examiner could find no fault with the precision of the machine's musical judgment.

The apparatus which is to replace the musical critic is described as being simplicity itself. It is an adaptation of the phonograph. It can easily be applied to any piano. A gutta percha tube is placed beneath the keys, and its extremities are in communication with the registering cylinder. To this is attached an inked stylus, which makes its impressions upon a band of paper drawn along at a regular rate by clockwork. Each key struck inscribes its mark, and it is enough to glance at the register to ascertain with what force, speed, etc., the fingers have done their work. If one hand has been lazy, the tale is told and all the false notes are faithfully set down. When the piece is finished, the performer has at hand an exact record of what he has done and is in a position to compare his rendering with that of other artists or with previous performances of his own. The ear, in fact, is beaten. Its impressions are fugitive and subject to error and are not to be compared with the verdict of the infallible automatic critic. We may now look forward to the day when it will be as indispensable in civilized life as the thermometer. With it in the drawing room, insincere flattery of the budding virtuoso will be impossible, while in the newspapers musical criticisms of public performances will assume both the appearance and unanimity of meteorological charts.—Westminster Gazette.

Sense of Humor.

At breakfast Tennyson was discussed, Mr. Jowett denying that what had been said of Wordsworth, that "within the great man there was a little man," was true also of him, though he had little things in him. The want of humor, original or appreciative, was talked of. Mr. Jowett says Gladstone can make a few jokes of his own, but cannot see other people's. Goulburn, he says, is an instance of a man who has humor of a kind, but fails to see the humor of situations. In preaching once at Rugby chapel, he said, speaking of evil existing everywhere, that "even in the ark there was a Ham;" then, seeing that the boys had caught the joke, he added that of course he meant the patriarch.

Talking of Dr. Arnold, he said that he was too powerful, too strong a man for his position—he stamped upon the boys and crushed them. He was the reverse of sympathetic. If you were in great trouble, he would perhaps help you more than any one else, but if, as some one suggested, you were a little happy, he would have no sympathy to spare. Arnold had said himself that he could never see a group of boys round the fire without seeing the devil among them. Speaking about good talkers, the master said a really good talker must talk from a character. He told a story of a man who, on hearing that he had a mortal complaint, only exclaimed, "I was always lucky. I insured my life last week."—Longman's Magazine.

Froude's Great Labor.

In his sixth and last lecture (delivered in America in 1872) Froude defended himself and answered his critics thus: "My 'History of England' has been composed from perhaps 700,000 documents, nine-tenths of them in different manuscripts and in half a dozen languages. I have been unable to trust printed copies, for the manuscripts often tell stories which the printed versions have concealed. I have been unable to trust copyists. I have read everything myself. I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time. I had to condense pages into single sentences, to translate, to analyze, and have had afterward to depend entirely on my own transcript. Under such conditions it is impossible for me to answer that no reference has been misplaced and no inverted comma fallen to the wrong words. I have done my best to be exact, and no writer can undertake more."—Current Literature.

A First Telegram.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson says: "I received my first telegram in Cumberland, Md. I could not believe it, but there it was—a reply to my letter of the day before. I called at the office to inquire if it were really so. A small group of people had collected about the operator, all wearing a look of surprise and incredulity. We began showing one another our dispatches, and looking with respectful awe at the mysterious little machine that was ticking away as if worked by some mysterious spirit of the other world. The whole town was excited about it. If I were now to receive a message from the planet Mars, offering me a star engagement, I could not be more astonished than I was on that day."—Boston Traveller.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription	$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Single Copies	05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each	2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 22, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Closed until July 1.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Babi."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DR. DESMOND AND THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Our very cautious, cool-blooded contemporary, the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*, has been considering the New Movement. Henry John Desmond, its very able editor, has been made a Doctor of Laws, in company with William Dillon, editor of the *New World*, and Washington Hesing, postmaster of Chicago, by the University of Notre Dame, Ind. A Doctor of Laws has a right to be cautious and cool blooded. It befits his dignity; but all editors cannot be Doctors of Laws; neither can all patriots. Too many Doctors might spoil the intellectual broth of the country. Yet, the untitled editor may have, occasionally, an opinion or two worth putting on paper. We have read the editorial of Henry John Desmond, LL.D., on "The Future of the Irish Question in America." We have "turned it over in our mind," and read it "every which way," and yet we can assure Dr. Henry John Desmond, LL.D., that we can't make head nor tail of his opinion—if it is an opinion. We don't know where he stands or where he is at. We acknowledge, however, that he richly deserves to be a Doctor of Laws. No man in America can more successfully use language for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. After a few lines by way of exordium, and the publication of the names of those who "incepted" the New Movement, Dr. Henry John Desmond proceeds as follows:

"This appears to be a list of the physical force 'prominents' of the Irish-American element. And undoubtedly in their proposed convention the inutility of parliamentary agitation will be taken for granted and the necessity of undertaking another line for Irish patriotic effort will be conceded with very little argument.

"Should the Tory party win in the coming general elections throughout Great Britain and Ireland, we can see that the physical force element among Irish-Americans is apt to absorb all patriotic activity upon this side of the Atlantic.

"Looking over the list of names above published, the reader will note that they are mostly men of Irish birth, many of them ex-Fenians and most of them connected with the Glan-na-Gael. The question arises whether these men will have any successors in the next generation. The spirit that organized American Fenianism has not been propagated. The fighting element in Irish-American patriotism is in many instances the element most worth building upon. We may believe that there is a lack of cleverness among many of the leaders of the fighting element, a lack of clear thinking and now and then the want of genuine honesty; but there is, nevertheless, a large degree of earnestness and energy in the physical force rank and file—which likes to accomplish results and is ready for enterprise. The new generation of Irish-Americans have not that edge upon their patriotism. They are wiser perhaps in their views, but cooler in their ardor. They have right opinions on the Irish question, but those opinions do not warm into convictions."

What leads Dr. Henry John Desmond to remark that "the spirit that organized Fenianism has not been propagated?" Much depends on the surroundings of the young Irish-American. It is a notorious fact that the meanest Irishmen to be found in America are the unconverted Orangemen, the shoneen Catholics, and the "assisted emigrant" element, which is ashamed of its antecedents. The latter were not the creation of the "assisted emigrant" but of the government which "assisted" him to leave forever a country in which he was considered a "surplus" product.

Who, then, are the real Irish in America? The remnants of the Fenians and their immediate descendants; the intelligent mechanics and operatives—driven to emigrate because of the murder of their native industries by the British parliament and government—and their heirs, and the flower of the ever gallant small farmers—the real fighting men of Ireland—and their children. The uncivilized Irish Orangeman is an unnatural creature, who prefers a foreign country to the land that bore him. He must not, for a moment, be confounded with the respectable Irish Protestant, who may be neutral, because of his surroundings, but not hostile.

The shoneen Catholic—Archbishop Croke calls him the Orange Catholic—is a still more disgusting animal than the Protestant Orangeman, because he has less excuse to be an enemy of the independence of his country. This fellow invariably prays "for the Queen and for all who are in high station, in order that he may live a quiet and holy (slavish?) life." Nobody can expect a propagation of Irish-American patriotism from such a root as that.

The assisted emigrant may be, with the customary exceptions, likened to Emory Storrs' Democratic mule—"without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity"—at least in the patriotic sense.

The class of Irish in this country who are so extremely nervous about not being considered "entirely American" make themselves ridiculous. Their absurd change of name, in many instances, and their real or pretended contempt for everything that smacks of Ireland, brands them as moral slaves and cowards. Nobody ever heard, or read, of an Anglo-American, or American of any other descent than Irish, trying to play the renegade. It is the result of slavery—often manifested in the features as well as the conduct of the emancipated helot.

What wonder that his step betrays
The freedman born in penal days?

The men who have inaugurated the New Movement follow the example of the Italians, the Hungarians, the Greeks and the Poles, who, on the soil of England, banded themselves together for the purpose of liberating, or attempting to liberate, their native lands. The soil of America is, at least, as sacred to the cause of human liberty as that of England. The English have often taunted us with not being as practical in business and politics as they are. Are we not paying them a compliment, when we take a leaf from the book of conspiracy, as published on their own shores?

Meanwhile, Dr. Henry John Desmond, fall into line and look pleasant.

PRAISED BY THE ENEMY.

The *Broad Arrow*, an English naval publication, has a recent article on "The Suppression of Meade," which ought to make patriotic Americans thoughtful. As a nation, we are at present cursed by the most anti-national administration that has ever occupied the executive office. No words of ours can express the disgust we feel for Grover Cleveland's policy, from an American standpoint. He has resigned, without an effort, every foot of vantage ground won for us by the patriotism and genius of Benjamin Harrison and James G. Blaine in Central and South America. Democratic orators and Democratic newspapers may seek to screen him, but we impeach him as a moral coward and a public incompetent from out the mouths, and pens, of his English constituents. Grover Cleveland was elected, in an evil hour, president of the United States, and, since his election, he has earned the censure of his countrymen and the applause of their enemies. Can any spectacle be more humiliating?

Here is what the *Broad Arrow* has to say about Admiral Meade's (temporary) suppression: "The American government has shown its good will to England, not only by its amicable attitude over the Nicaraguan difficulty, but also by its suppression of Rear Admiral Meade, in command of the American squadron which was present on the Nicaraguan coast. Admiral Meade, with an indiscretion which is as painful to Englishmen as it is foolish, expressed his regret that his government had not allowed him to act with vigor against us. He was anxious to support the Nicaraguans in their farcical resistance to our just demands and for this he has been punished. We cannot but deplore the unfriendly attitude which certain American naval officers occasionally assume toward us. We have in our mind Admiral Belknap's pronouncement that the Japanese could easily whip the Britishers, as the British navy was quite an inefficient force. Such talk does an immensity of harm when the two branches of our race are drawing closer together. Captain Mahan and Admiral Erben did not think or speak in this way, and on this side of the Atlantic there is nothing but the friendliest interest in the new American navy. We do not grudge our cousins their greatness; we do not interfere with their foreign policy, and we look forward with hope to a future possibility of an alliance which would be the only really popular alliance in England. The *Spectator* makes a happy suggestion which might be acted upon by our government. The United States has shown its friendliness by removing Admiral Meade—let us do an equally gracious act by asking that he be reinstated in his command. It would certainly promote a kindlier feeling toward us among the officers of the American navy, and might even make Admiral Meade himself think that the Britishers are not such terrible villains after all."

The gallant and fiery Meade, who comes of the same good old Irish stock as the victor of Gettysburg, is well aware of the kind of "good fellows" the British are. They love renegades, cowards and traitors, but they have no love for sincere patriots. When Meade is restored, it will be by the voice of the American people, whose rights and honor he attempted to defend against England and her "American" allies in Washington.

MANLY NEGROES.

Even the poor semi-savages of Sierra Leone can teach the devil-ridden people of Ireland a lesson in manly independence. A telegram dated June 15, from Atlanta, Ga., says: "Bishop Henry M. Turner, of the African Methodist Church, who formerly lived in St. Louis, writing from Sierra Leone, South Africa, mentions the strong hold an inversion of the Henry George idea has there. 'I find,' says he, 'that the colonial government has for the present, at least, an impossible job on hand. These Africans will not pay tax, rich or poor. They are willing to pay taxes on European effects, such as bicycles, organs, pianos and other things brought from Europe, but they say that the land is theirs, that God made it and gave it to them and that no African has a right to pay taxes on African soil to any buckra or white man, and they will not do it. The colonial legislature has been granted by the British government, so as to induce them to pass laws taxing themselves and such a law has been enacted, but no law officer dares to enforce it or even to let it be known he is thinking about it. While the tax which the law requires would not amount to more than $1 on $5,000 a year, they say Great Britain must pay her own officers if they are to be kept here."

DR. J. B. WALKER.

Among the gentlemen prominently mentioned in connection with the new appointments to the City Board of Education, is Dr. J. B. Walker, the distinguished oculist and aurist, who has been a resident of Chicago for more than forty years, and who enjoys the respect and friendshsp of everybody who has the pleasure of his acquaintance. The Doctor served long and honorably on the Public Library Board, and severed his connection with that body, after having done good and faithful service, greatly to the regret of his colleagues and the public. Dr. Walker has resided in the West Division ever since his arrival in this city. He is a native of Sussex, England, but has been a naturalized citizen of the United States for more than a generation. He is a gentleman of ripe scholarship and of the broadest and most liberal spirit. It would give THE CITIZEN sincere pleasure to see him recognized by the mayor, as he certainly would be an ornament to the Board of Education.

HENRY IRVING AS A "SHOVER OF THE QUEER."

Our American police — particularly our Chicago police—are not men to be readily influenced by the accidental circumstance of an arrested "party" being a friend of the presiding magistrate. Of course not. Their London brethren, however, are not made of the same stern stuff. At a recent meeting of the Savage Club, Sir Henry Irving, the famous actor, who is, by the way, a sincere friend of America and Ireland, made one of his inimitable postprandial speeches, to the following effect:

"I remember the time when poor dear old Byron used to say that any member found guilty of paying his subscription to the Savage Club for two consecutive years was eligible for Colney Hatch (laughter). Those days are past, but I may mention an incident which shows how excellent a thing it is to have a personal acquaintance with a presiding magistrate (laughter). I had driven one night from the Albion to some rooms which I occupied in Old Quebec street, and after bidding the cabman a respectful farewell (laughter) I was preparing to seek repose when there came a knock at the door. Upon opening it cabby presented himself to me with the information that I had given him a bad half crown (loud laughter). Restraining the very natural impulse of offended virtue, I told him 'to be' (oh, oh!) 'to begone' (much laughter), assuming the most dramatic tone I possibly could for the occasion. I shut the door, but in a few minutes there was another knock, and with the cabman appeared a policeman, who said, with the very grave formality of his exalted office, 'You are charged with passing a bad half a crown; and you must come up with me to the police station.' I explained that I was a respectable, if unknown, citizen pursuing a notable though precarious calling, and that I could be found in the morning at the address I had given, awaiting the call of justice with perfectly unruffled mind. The policeman was not at all impressed by that, so I jumped into the cab and went to the station, where the charge was entered upon the night sheet, and I was briefly requested to make myself at home (laughter). I said to the inspector in charge, 'Do you intend me to spend the night here?' He said, 'Certainly,' that was the state of the case (laughter). So I asked him to oblige me with a piece of paper, which he very reluctantly gave me. Penciling a few words on the paper I addressed the note to Sir Thomas Henry, who was the presiding magistrate at Bow street, and with whom I had an intimacy—in an unofficial capacity (laughter). The inspector looked at me and said, 'Do you know Sir Thomas Henry?' I said, 'Yes, I have that honor,' with the air of one who claimed a pillar of the law as a bosom friend. The officer suddenly turned round to the policeman and said, 'What do you mean by bringing such a charge against this gentleman?' (Laughter). Then he turned fiercely upon the cabman and nearly kicked him out of the office. So I was not locked up for the night after all, but returned home triumphantly in the cab (cheers). I mention this because it may be useful to some brother Savage. Indeed, out of the fulness of my experience, I cannot give a young Savage starting his career a sounder piece of advice than 'Always know your own coin and also a magistrate.' (Laughter)."

CROMWELL'S STATUE.

A Radical member in the British house of commons proposed that a statue be erected in memory of Oliver Cromwell, the great revolutionist and regicide. Justin McCarthy objected on the ground that such a monument would be an "insult to Ireland." Aided by the Tories and some Liberal votes—the English royalists hate Cromwell's memory and on that account no public monument to him exists in England—defeated the propositton, and it was formally withdrawn by the government. But there are statues of William III, some of the Georges and Admiral Nelson, in Dublin, which are quite as much insults to Ireland as the proposed one to Cromwell. The latter was, at least, an open and avowed ruffian of the "thorough" type. He made no bones about slaughtering the people and confiscating their lands. He would have nothing to say to "Papists," as he termed the Catholics, except to shoot or hang them and sell them into slavery. William III, on the contrary, entered into a solemn treaty with the Irish Catholics at Limerick and broke it most shamelessly and perfidiously. The Georges, his successors, left nothing undone to complete the ruin of the country. Lord Nelson inflicted irreparable injury on Ireland by destroying the naval power of her natural ally, France, at the Nile, Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar. He would have destroyed Dublin, as he destroyed the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, if he had been ordered to do so. Of all the English, or semi-English, heroic or ignominious rascals alluded to, Cromwell is, perhaps, the least objectionable. He was a human devil, it is true, but he considered the Irish were wrong and inconsistent in drawing the sword for Charles I, whose lord lieutenant, Black Tom Wentworth, was one of the greatest robbers that ever ruled Ireland for England. Had the Irish allowed Charles Stewart to fight his own battles, Cromwell would, most likely, never have landed in Ireland, and his name would not be in that country the synonym of murder and plunder that it is today.

RATHER HAZY.

With all due respect for the "truth and veracity" of the aged James R. Green, of Alliance, O., we are unable to understand the following statement telegraphed to the daily press on Tuesday:

"ALLIANCE, O., June 18.—The most remarkable celebration ever held in this city was that of the 80th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, held at Mount Union College today. James R. Greene was a mid-shipman on an English war vessel in the harbor of Antwerp eighty years ago. Securing a furlough from his captain, he started across Belgium, and on June 18, 1815, stood on an eminence two miles to the right of the plain of Waterloo, and through a sea glass watched the fearful struggle that day for supremacy between the veteran soldiers of France under Napoleon and the English army, with their Prussian allies, under the leadership of the Duke of Wellington and Blucher. This afternoon Mr. Green, who is now 97 years old, graphically recounted his experience of that day eighty years ago. Referring to Napoleon, he said: 'He was a great military genius, but a more cruel tyrant never lived. He caused more sorrow and suffering during his career than any ten rulers in civilized history."

"Two miles to the right of the plain of Waterloo" is rather indefinite, to say the least of it. There are no dominating eminences in that country, except the great mound, raised since the battle, on which the Belgic Lion stands. Mr. Green must have had a very powerful sea glass—very! Mr. Green must have had a good view of the smoke. However, after a little matter of eighty years, a man's memory is apt to grow foggy.

ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY, Oakley and Park avenues, celebrrted the twelfth annual commencement exercises of that institution last Tuesday. The exercises were under the supervision of Mother Catherine, sister of Archbishop Feehan. The salutatory address was delivered by Miss Teresa Kehoe, the valedictory by Miss May Powers, these two young ladies being the only graduates in the full course of the academy. After the exercises the faculty tendered a banquet to Archbishop Feehan, Vicar General Dowling, Father Fitzsimmons, Father Maguire, Father D. J. Riordan, Father T. F. Cashman, Chancellor Muldoon and Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University.

MR. ELWYN A. BARRON, one of the best known of Chicago journalists, and for a long time conspicuous as a literary and dramatic critic, has been selected by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat to represent the *Times-Herald*, in London. No better selection, in our opinion, could have been made. Mr. Barron is a manly American, of fine personal presence, and gifted with a facility of observation and expression that will make him invaluable as a foreign correspondent. He is a native of Columbia, Tenn., and has been connected with the Chicago press since boyhood. THE CITIZEN wishes him a pleasant time and a prosperous career.

GRAND OLD SEE-SAW GLADSTONE has gone back on the Welsh disestablishment bill. We expected as much. The carl began as a Tory. He will end as a Tory.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD has called an extra session of the State Legislature to assemble in Springfield on June 25. Some foolish legislators say they will not attend. We think they had better. Many important measures, among them the revenue law, have been neglected in the rush to adjourn. For once, nearly all the press and the people are with the governor. The law makers must take their medicine.

MR. N. ANDERSON, General Western Agent of the White Star Line, has been informed by the New York office of that company that new and important improvements have been inaugurated at Liverpool for the trans-Atlantic trade, which does away with the old system of transfer by tender when coming from and going to Liverpool. On Wednesday of last week, for the first time, the train with London passengers per steamship Germanic was brought to the new Pierhead station at Liverpool and embarked on the steamer waiting alongside the landing stage.

THE dreary drudgery of English parliamentary life is occasionally broken by the irrepressible Irish element. It is seldom, however, that any member has so splendid an opportunity of displaying the natural humor of his country as occurred a few days since to Dr. Tanner. The Doctor, it appears, had put a question in the house of commons as to whether there were any truth in the reported statement of the resignation of the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the British army. The following morning he received the subjoined telegram both laconic and forcible in its character:

"In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols, J. JONES, Major."

To this Dr. Tanner at once replied:

"Yours received. Will meet you tomorrow (Tuesday) evening at Constantinople. Torpedoes preferred. Water tube boilers excluded. Advertising strictly prohibited. Bring another ass at midnight. TANNER."

On Tuesday another dispatch was delivered at Westminster:

"Unwittingly you have confirmed my telegram, but not the challenge.
J. JONES, Major."

Dr. Tanner sent a second message thus:

"Wire received. Sorry you flunked the torpedoes. Stick to Constantinople. Bring the moke (English slang for donkey). TANNER."

The Major in a wire the following day stated that "midnight meetings are for moonlighters." To which Dr. Tanner made the following final reply: "Strongly recommend bromide of potassium this hot weather for the staggers. Further reply useless. Will not spend another tanner." It should be explained that the word "tanner" is an English slang term for a sixpence, the value of which is about 12 cents. The play on his own name was undeniably Irish, and characteristic of Dr. Tanner, who is a fighter from "way back."

PHILO-CELTIC SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding the fine weather which we have had the past few Sundays, which induces people to enjoy themselves outdoors, a gratifying number forego this pleasure in order to attend the instructions given in Gaelic every Sunday afternoon at the City Hall. At the meeting last Sunday reports of progress were made by the different committees of the various matters allotted to them. A very pleasant letter from the Rev. Father O'Growney was read, which gave great encouragement to the students engaged in the study of Gaelic. In it he outlined some of his proposed plans, by which hopes are entertained that a greater number of Irish people in Chicago will be induced to take up the study of the Gaelic language.

A full attendance is requested next Sunday of all persons who have joined the class, and given their names either to the late secretary or the present acting secretary, as a grand re-union is to be held next August, for which preparations will be begun immediately. The business meetings held at the close of instructions on Sundays are to be discontinued after June 23, as all business transaction, are to be continued by the board of officers acting in the capacity of a "faculty," which at present is composed of the following members: Patrick F. Holden, president; H. G. Hill, vice-president and instructor; Stephen O'Brien, treasurer; D. A. Burke, secretary; M. O'Gallagher, financial secretary and lecturer on Gaelic literature; William Raleigh, librarian and instructor; Charles O'Gallagher, instructor; Miss Mary Brosnan and Dr. J. C. Wilson. Instead of the business meetings the time will be given to readings, declarations and essays in Gaelic and on Gaelic literature, subjects and topics to be announced the previous Sunday by the instructors. Gaelic text books may be obtained from the librarian, Mr. William Raleigh, No. 735 Canal street, or at the school on Sundays.

PARLIAMENTARY AGITATION.

It is a Flat Failure.

Suppose that after the general election a strong Tory government, pledged to resist home rule, is installed in office, what form will the struggle for Irish self-government take? To expect that the people of Ireland will continue electing seventy or eighty gentlemen, the majority of them of less than mediocre ability and more than doubtful patriotism, to talk dreary platitudes in the house of commons, to expect that they will continue to subscribe their hard-earned money to the numberless funds and "testimonials" that those gentlemen are everlastingly raising, would be to credit them with more than the patience of Job and none of the wisdom of Solomon. In good truth we shall not be surprised if the next general election sounds the death-knell of parliamentary agitation so far as it is directed towards achieving the objects which Irish Nationalists have in view. Most people are already sick of it and are beginning to think it is a farce. Parnell was the greatest parliamentary leader Ireland is ever likely to produce, but it must be remembered that he never absolutely pinned his faith to parliamentary agitation, he never claimed for it more than a fair trial, and he many a time and oft declared that if, having had a fair trial, it proved a failure, it would then be for the Irish people to reconsider their position and perhaps to fall back on what Mr. Gladstone once eloquently described as the "resources of civilization." That it has received a fair trial now no one can doubt. It has occupied the attention of the Irish people since the inception of Isaac Butt's home rule movement more than twenty golden years ago. Tons of money have been lavished on it, men who were trained in other schools have abandoned the ideas of their youth and have thrown themselves heart and soul into the parliamentary movement; "unrepentant" rebels have substituted the oath of allegiance to England for another oath which was associated with another movement. It looks as if all those sacrifices were in vain. Parliamentary agitation is a good thing—for England; it does not appear to be good enough for Ireland—*Kilkenny People.*

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Patrick F. Holden on His Way to Ireland—Visits Places of Interest in Boston.

BOSTON, June 14.—It is a pleasure and a blessing to be given the opportunity of visiting one's native land after an absence of many years. Looking forward to the happiness of meeting the friends of childhood, and of seeing again the haunts beloved of old, naturally tends to quicken the pulsations of the heart with feelings of thankfulness, and expectancy, but after all it is possible to have formed lasting friendships in exile, and to have contracted ties as sacred as ever received God's blessing "at home." And so when the engine pantingly moved out of Dearborn Station last Thursday afternoon I realized how dear were the associations I had made in the World's Fair city, and how much I valued the faithful friends who had come to wish me bon voyage. During my connection with the Irishmen of Chicago I learned to hope for Ireland's future, after having given up the cause for lost, with several others, who had seen the splendid results achieved by poor Parnell, and wrecked by the despicable "Bantry Band;" as unselfish as ever worked for Ireland, as sincere as those who have died in her cause, as brilliant and as capable of leading their fellow men as any in her long list of statesmen and scholars—this to my mind is the verdict to be rendered with regard to many of those with whom I was privileged to work in Chicago, in behalf of the old cause.

Knowing that our dear old CITIZEN is perused every week by these friends and co-laborers, I thought they would be interrested in learning something of the travels of their wandering brother. For this reason I have decided to let them know everything of interest from start to finish, and to supply them as well as I can with a truthful picture of the present state of affairs in Ireland.

The A.O.H. of Chicago will be interested in knowing that I have met many Hibernians here in Boston, and attended several of the Division meetings. I was present also on Sunday last at the Gaelic School, of which John P. Lane is president. The Gaelic Class was delighted to hear of the progress the friends and students of Gaelic are making in Chicago. Altogether I have found the Irishmen of Boston to be whole-souled, generous, hospitable Celts. They send greeting to their brothers of the Prairie State. I have seen so many places of interest here in Massachusetts, and met so many fine Irishmen, that I could not refrain from letting my Chicago friends know what a good time I am having.

In conclusion I wish to state that I shall be careful to tell our friends in Ireland the true standing of the Irish question in America, and will try to convince them and their leaders that they must cease quarrelling, and seek to settle the Irish difficulty elsewhere than on the floor of the house of commons, and by means more respectable than acting as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the Liberal party. P. F. HOLDEN.

Everywhere we go we find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the greatest curative agent. It is the one great blood purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and effectively.

OUR PLEDGE.

BY JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

Let cowards live and hug their chains,
Let cravens bend the trembling knee,
But while one gleam of hope remains,
My country, we are pledged to thee;
The robbers' haughty cursed sway,
The falsehood black, the dastard stroke
That leaves you stricken down today,
Your haughty spirit never broke.

The spirit of the martyr boy
Now burns as steady, strong and true,
As free from dross and base alloy
As when within his breast it grew.
And there be hearts that pine and rage
To fling away the robes of shame,
The gallant war again to wage,
And fan that spirit to a flame.

It shall be done, it shall be done,
Despite the tyrant's scorning threat;
Our power and pride not yet are gone
And still unpaid's the bloody debt;
We'll lift the banner from the dust,
And hold it with unshrinking hand;
We'll free the sabre from the dust
To right again our trodden land.

Stand forth! ye eagle-eyed and young,
Whose veins are hot, whose souls are true,
Stand forth! our battling host among,
Who wage the ancient fight anew;
And you the weary in the strife,
Who braved the bursting of the gale,
Rise up refreshed to youthful life,
And aid the cause that shall not fail.

CRIMINAL APATHY.

(Philadelphia Hibernian, June 8.)

Irish newspapers of recent date almost all unite in appeals to those who represent constituencies in the parliament to do something to stem the tide of disaster that is daily growing in strength and which, if not turned, will, before long, engulf and destroy all that has been done in years. Beyond the regulation bickering, there seems to be nothing that holds out a ray of hope to those who have hoped and prayed and were ready to fight for some measure of justice for Ireland. Election follows election with but one result—the continued narrowing of an already slender majority, and the new imminent overthrow of the government and return of the Tories to power. This is something hard, indeed, to confess, but it is the truth and should be faced.

To those on this side who closely watch the trend of affairs abroad the realization of fears and the bitter disappointment in the men pledged to do that which they are absolutely failing to do are things which are humiliating to consider. From a good, practical working majority, dissensions, criminations and recriminations, loss of mutual confidence and in some cases absolute hostility, have at length placed the party given power by the people in a moribund condition, with a future that is conspicuous by reason of its signs of ignominious defeat. There are those who are responsible for this state of affairs and they are now and will ever be held to an accountability for their criminal apathy.

It is almost like the wail of the doomed to hear the voice of Ireland's sons and daughters as it is transmitted by their own papers. "What hope is there now for evicted tenants?" asks one. "If the Tories return to office with a sufficient majority, it may mean six years more on the roadside." That dissensions have been permitted that have their outcome in such a dismal future is worse than criminal. The Wexford *People*, commenting on the present condition of affairs, very pointedly and with good sense says: "If a compromise and satisfactory adjustment, which will satisfy all parties concerned, cannot soon be arrived at, the country, for its own protection, is imperatively called upon to interfere. It would be suicidal to allow the present state of affairs to continue."

When Ireland's condition in years gone by was such as to arouse the sympathies and call forth the charity of her sons and daughters on this side; when famine threatened to complete the unholy work carried on by England, there was quick response here. When the government was overthrown and a Liberal majority faced the Queen there was instant approval and words and acts of encouragement from this side. Now that there is the most serious danger; now that the crucial moment has arrived, there should be the same spontaneous word from those who hold love of country above petty squabbles and it should be promptly and emphatically said.

For weeks past there have been under consideration propositions for the convening of a congress of Irish-Americans to consider primarily the sore straits in which the land of their birth now finds herself. If America's assistance—and it has never been grudgingly given—was worth anything in the past, it will be doubly valuable now, and its value will be immeasurably enhanced by the promptness with which it is tendered. As has been said before in the columns of the *Hibernian*, the true friends of Ireland can convene in one body here and they can, setting aside all the differences of the past, unite in recommending such course of action by those at home—backed by the sinews of war which have never yet been denied them—that may yet "snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat."

This congress should be called at once. There is grave need for quick movement. Many men whose loyalty to the cause has never been questioned have already signified their willingness to participate. In this crisis the united Irishmen of America could give a most impressive lesson to the wrangling, disunited Irishmen at home, and, as before, the voice from this side the great Atlantic would be heeded. The congress should imperatively demand that a decisive policy should be mapped out and adhered to, and those who would stand in the way would be deservedly condemned as enemies of Ireland.

Many of our Irish-American exchanges have already indorsed the movement for the congress, and societies ever watchful of Ireland's interests and welfare have cordially given it approval. Let them continue until the object is reached. There is serious need and the outcome will beyond question well repay them.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toraighseacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in sc.

(AIR LEANANMAIN)

Cidh trí, scht do cinneadh as a h-aithle sin dul do chommoradh na seilge móire sin acu, agus is é ionad fá a n-deachadar d'á dheanamh .i. fá dhá chéigeadh mórdhálacha Mumhan. Iar sin do ghluaiseadar i n-aithghiorra gach conaire go rangadar Crich O m-Buillé, go lár bh-Fear-gceall agus go brosnaigh Bléidhma, agus go dhá sliabh deug Eibhlinne, agus go Cnambcholli mbic Raighne, agus go drom collebuille ré a ráidhtear Aine Cliach an tan so.

Do srethadh agus do sracnadh an t-seilg le Fionn agus le Fiannaibh Eireann fá imlibh na foraoise ris a ráidhtear Feara Muighe (Fermoy) andiu, agus fá dhiamhraibh dorcha agus fá fhearannaibh aimhréidhe agus fá chriochaibh caolnáillie caolaréidhe agus fá shléibhtibh urárda Dess-Mhumhan ris a ráidhtear Luachair Dheaghaidh andiu; fá shliabh caomhdhuinn Chrot, agus fá thulchaibh mináille Sléibhe Mulce, agus fá chriochaibh oiremine na Sléibhe sreabhuaine, agus fá mhéghaibh feurusine Sórgbiasa Féimhin agus fá Dhéiseachaibh urárda aithgharbha aimhréidhe Eilthne, agus as sin go Bealach gormchoilliteach Gabhráin.

Cidh trí, ní raibh fiodh no magh no mórshliabh i n-dá chéigeadh Mumhan nach raibh taoiseach naonbhair ag fiadhach agus ag fianchéagair ag sreathadh agus ag sracnadh na seilge amhlaidh sin. Is ann sin do shuidh Fionn i n-a dhumha sheilge agus d'fhanadar dream de na deaghlaochaibh i n-a fhochair, .i. Oisín mac Fhinn, Oscar mac Oisín, Goll mac Mórna, Art mórbhuilleach mac Mórna, Soiath Bruce mac Dathchaoin, .i. fear iomchair Sceithe Fhinn; na trí Bailbh ó'n m-Boirinn, trí meic Aoinchearda, Beirse, Caoilte mac Ronáin, Diarmaid déadaheolus O'Duibhne, Liathdin luath ó Luachair Dheaghaid, Conán Maol mac Mórna, .i. fear aithise agus míolabhartha na Féinne, agus Fionn Bán mac Breasail. Acht sé nidh cheana, ba bhinn le Fionn agus le Fiannaibh Eireann guth agus glaim na ngadhar, agus glaodhach groidhmhar na ngaradh agus torméin na d-trean-fhear, feadghaoil agus fiorghéir na Féinne ins na foraoisibh agus ing na fásaighibh i n-a d-timchioll.

[LE SEISTH LEANTA.]

A GRIAN GEAL MOCHREE.

BY "BARNEY MAGLONE."

I think of you in the morning,
For you're a mornin' too,
Your eyes are bright
As the early light,
An' your pure heart like the dew,
Like the sun's first bame
On the dancin' sthrame,
Is your darlin' smile to me,
So I'll think of you in the mornin'
A mhadain geal mochree.*

I think of you at mid-day
When the sun is bright above,
An' all below
Is in a glow
With the heat of his meltin' love—
When his radiant pow'r
Bends down the flow'r
As your look does with me,
So I'll think of you at mid-day,
A grian geal mochree.†

I think of you in the evenin'
When the sun lies down to rest
In the golden bed
That's for him spread
By his darlin' blushin' West.
In that soft hour,
Och! how your power
Falls meltingly on me,
So I'll think of you in the evening
Flaithinis geal mochree.‡

I think of you at midnight,
When the pale moon moves his light,
An' the sky above
Looks down with love,
To itself in the lake all night.
That lake am I,
An' you're the sky,
That show yourself in me,
So I'll think of you at midnight,
Realt anam geal mochree.§

An' darlin' when I'm sleeping,
The story's jist the same,
For as you are
My sun an' star,
Its you that is my dhrame,
Asleep or awake,
For your sweet sake,
It's dhramin' that I be,
So I'll think of you at all times,
Inte milis mochree.‖

* Bright star of the morning.
† Bright sun of my heart.
‡ Bright paradise of my heart.
§ Bright soul-star of my heart.
‖ Sweet kernel of my heart.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Favored with fine weather and a large crowd, sprinkled with a goodly number of the fair sex, the games of the Gaelic Athletic Association for the championship of '95 were continued last Sunday at the grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. The games are set for 2:30, but it was an hour later when Referee E. A. Cahill had the Liberators and O'Connells in line. The O'Connells won the toss and selected to play for the southern posts, with a strong breeze in their favor. At the end of the game the score was Liberators, 1 goal 6 points; O'Connells, 1 goal 4 points.

The Inuisfails and Davitts lined up at 4:30, and to any person who knew the formation of both teams the issue was in no way doubtful. The Inuisfails had a team of well-trained footballers, while the Davit team was somewhat disorganized, despite the stringent efforts of P. J. Mulcahy, who done a lion's share to put a good team on the field. At the call of time the score stood Inuisfails, 7 goals 10 points; Davitts, nil. Referee, J. Foley.

The scheduled games for tomorrow (Sunday) are Sarsfields vs. Parnells, football; O'Mahonys vs. Sheridans, hurling. The Sarsfields have made a poor showing up to the present at football, while they are at the top notch at hurling. It has been mooted that they will be re-inforced on Sunday by some members of the Irish-American Athletic Association, who are allowed to join the Gaelic clubs again on application to the Central Council. If such will prove to be the fact, then the Parnells have to make a hard fight to wrest victory from the Sarsfields. The contest between the O'Mahonys and Sheridans will prove most interesting, as the two teams are well trained and are making preparations for the struggle for supremacy. Most of them are adepts at the wielding of the caman, and the game is certain to be close and scientific, and all persons who are anxious to see the old national game played in proper style ought to be present at the Gaelic grounds on Sunday, June 23.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS' PICNIC.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards will give their annual military picnic at Oswald's Grove on the Fourth of July. Special efforts are being made to attract the public this year, and the splendid programme already arranged ought to insure the success of the occasion. Every liberal minded citizen cannot but admire this magnificent body of able, well drilled and neatly uniformed men. On this account and owing to their creditable showing on all public occasions, Oswald's Grove on July Fourth should be packed with Irish men and women to show their appreciation of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, who are now the premier independent Irish-American military organization of the United States.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ROW.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—Satisfied that THE CITIZEN is and always has been a staunch friend of the Seventh Infantry, I.N.G., and also a supporter of "right against wrong," I respectfully request space to define what Col. Colby calls disunion in the Seventh.

The Regiment since its muster into the Illinois National Guard, up to July, 1894, progressed favorably. The officers met every Monday evening for instruction, and, considering conditions, were advancing rapidly. We endeavored a few times to have Col. Colby order an election for major, but on explanations from him as to getting a fit man for the position, we acquiesced. About June, 1894, he found the proper man in the person of Capt. Campbell, of Springfield, Ill., and clerk in the adjutant general's office. The Colonel asked my opinion of this man for major; I objected because he did not live in Chicago. That started the Colonel; he flared up and said a major did not amount to much, anyway (a compliment to myself); he said Lieut-Col. Kavanagh would take charge of the battalion as usual, and that Capt. Campbell could still reside in Springfield and make a gallant major. I told him under those conditions, I would like to see my father elected; he lived four thousand miles away, and Col. Kavanagh could perform his duties.

The election was ordered after Col. Colby got eight line officers to promise to vote for Campbell. On the night of election the Colonel ordered Capt. Hartigan to preside, and insisted on every officer voting for Campbell. Well, they voted, and Capt. Moriarty of Company E (Seventh Regiment) was elected. Capt. Hartigan and Col. Colby held the papers in that election for seven months, and until finally forced to make some disposition of them, when the papers were forwarded, with the endorsement that the election was illegal. Officers are called "disturbers" because they do not allow matters of this kind to proceed. Col. Colby saved the ballots of that election, and being familiar with handwriting made the officers that voted for Moriarty and against bossism feel *his* military discipline.

This is only one of a hundred things that Col. Colby has disgraced his management of the Seventh with. So far as I am personally concerned, I would not consider myself worthy of American citizenship or worthy of the confidence of my countrymen if I permitted such disgraceful actions without protesting. Such actions as the foregoing are the cause of all the newspaper talk about the Seventh Infantry.

Col. Colby has reported, I am informed, that we are continually fighting among ourselves. This is "one" of his barefaced misstatements. We are fighting against his unsoldierly methods, and it shows that we are a unit and Col. Colby the cause of all this "dissension" when it is known that every elective officer favored his removal and requested him to resign. Col. Colby imagines himself the Seventh Regiment, but if the authorities want the Seventh I imagine they want some men to carry the guns. He also says I cannot stand discipline or military rules, and that I want a debating society. I have for the last nine months endeavored to keep these matters from the press, but since the Colonel threw down the gauntlet I will pick it up. Col. Colby, for his own sake, for the sake of the regiment he says he is proud of, and for the sake of the citizens of Chicago, especially the Irish-American citizens, should resign.

GARRETT J. CARROLL,
Major Seventh Infantry, I.N.G.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

As for the promise of "Comfort in Travel" by this road, as well as the speed and safety realized, the many thousands who pass over it will surely testify that it is kept to the letter.—*The Standard*, Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Des-plaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

HIGHEST QUALITY OF ALL.

Columbia Bicycles

THE STANDARD FOR ALL.....

HAVE you feasted your eyes upon the beauty and grace of the 1895 Columbias? Have you tested and compared them with all others? Only by such testing can you know how fully the Columbia justifies its proud title of the Standard for the World. And the price is but

$100

POPE MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.
CHANGSES.
BOSTON
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
PROVIDENCE
BUFFALO

An Art Catalogue of these famous wheels and of Hartfords, $20 $50, free at any Columbia Agency, or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARY A. RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary A. Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

MICHAEL J. DOHERTY, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANNIE MURRY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Annie Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

JAMES O'LEARY, Executor.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

H.R.EAGLE

Cocoanut Oil Toilet Soap, per doz.	19 cts	California Evaporated Apricots, lb.	3½ cts
Best Quality Root Beer, per bottle	5 cts	3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	5½ cts
J. Ambrosia Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cts	London Cocoa, ¼-lb tin for	12 cts
25 Bars Good Laundry Soap for	49 cts	Olive Oil, half-pints 4 cts; pints	7 cts
German Family Laundry Soap, per bar	2½ cts	100-lb bags Rock Salt for ice cream	49 cts
100-lb Bags Best Granulated Sugar	$4.50	¼-lb cans Crescent Baking Powder	3 cts
California Dried Grapes, per lb	1 ct	A 6-lb box Best Laundry Starch	35 cts
California Prunes, per lb	2 cts	Pint bottles Best Spanish Indigo Blue	5 cts
Elgin Creamery Butter, per lb	16 cts	Sweet Chocolate, per cake	2½ cts
1-lb cans Salmon	9 cts	Gallon cans Apples	19 cts
1-lb cans Fancy Lobster	19 cts	Sardines, in oil, per can	3 cts
Imported Sardines, with key	8 cts	Wallace Kirk's National Family Soap, bar	4 cts

SPECIAL IN HOUSEFURNISHINGS.

500 CHAMBER SETS—Sale commenced Monday morning and will last until all sold—they consist of Bowl and Pitcher, Slop Jar, Chamber, Cold Water Pitcher and Soap Dish, complete set..... $1.39

All extra large pieces and latest patterns.

Single Gem Oil Stoves, round, strong and durable, each	29 cts
Larger size Gem Oil Stoves, with two 3½-inch wicks, each	59 cts
Extra large size Reliance Oil Stoves, with two 4-inch wicks, each	88 cts
Extra large size Reliance Oil Stoves, with three 4-inch wicks, each	$1.09
Large double Reliance Oil Stoves, with four 4-inch wicks, each	$1.69
Extra large double Reliance Oil Stoves, with six 4-inch wicks, largest oil stove made, each	$2.29
Extra quality Tin Ovens, with two shelves inside, size 13x13 top and bottom, depth 18 inches, each	89 cts
Extra quality double Tin Oven, size 13x13 top and bottom, depth 18 inches, each	$1.09
Extra quality Tin Oven, double lined, for double stove, best made, size 13x20 top and bottom, 18 inches deep, each	$1.69
Russian Iron Ovens, best made, each	$1.59
Double Russian Iron Ovens, large size, best make, each	$2.09

Wash Boilers, sizes 8 and 9, of the very best make, we will sell as long as the last at, each..... 55 cts
Four-Foot Step Ladders, each..... 23 cts
Six-Foot Step Ladders, each..... 33 cts
Eight-Foot Step Ladders, each..... 43 cts

Bicycle Dept.

A fine 26-in. pneumatic round-frame Ladies' Wheel, full ball bearing, guaranteed for one year, regular price $35.00, Sale Price..... $19.95
Lamps, Searchlights..... $3.45
Cement, wood rim, 4-oz can..... 10 cts

Drugs.

Wild Cherry Phosphate, 25c size	10 cts
Root Beer, 25c size	5 cts
Fig Laxative, 50c size	14 cts
Pure Bay Rum, equal to the best, 8-oz bottle, regular 40c size, at	24 cts
Seidlitz Powders, in tin box, guaranteed full weight, 12 doses	15 cts
Witch Hazel, full strength, 16-oz bottle	19 cts
Pure Persian Insect Powder, 16-oz box	27 cts
Concentrated Essence Jamaica Ginger, 50c size, at	28 cts
Compound Licorice Powder, 4-oz box	9 cts
Packing Camphor, for moths, the best article	
Little Liver Pills	5 cts
Beef, Wine and Iron, a pure medicinal preparation, 1-pint bottle	35 cts

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour..... $4.69

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	58 cents
50-lb Bags, each	$1.15
98-lb Bags, each	$2.34
PURCELL'S BEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT, brl.	$4.29
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl.	$3.99

We make a specialty of the "Out-of-Town" trade. We can SAVE you money on every article you eat, wear or use. Write us.

HAMMOCKS.

14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—white—each..... 59 cents
14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—colored—each..... 69 cents

SHOE DEPT.---Specials for This Week.

The L. A. W. $3.00 Bicycle Shoe	$1.90
Men's Piccadilly Tans, $2.50 values	$1.69
Boys' High-Cut Calf Lace Shoes, 12-2, $1.25; 2½-5	$1.50
Misses' Tan Lace Shoes, 8-12, 98 cents; 12-2	$1.18

Last chance to buy those elegant Oxfords at half price; 5 lots, $1.49, $1.39, $1.29, 79 cents, 69 cents; worth double.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,148.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 12th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, for the sum of Nine Thousand Four Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,025.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 5th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, for the sum of Eighteen Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

CUPID HAS AN ENEMY

PERSISTENT SOLICITORS WHO DETER WOULD BE BENEDICTS.

Matrimonial Ventures Made Extra Hazardous by the Hunt For Business—A Hair Raising Warning From a Life Insurance Man.

When the young man walked into the newspaper office and timidly asked the society editor if she would kindly insert a notice of his approaching marriage, he little thought of the trouble he was bringing down upon his head.

The announcement was printed Sunday. When he reached his office Monday, he found a stack of letters waiting for him, every one addressed in a handwriting he did not know. He whistled when he opened the first, ditto the second, looked a bit surprised at the contents of the third and swore fluently through the balance of the pile. At noon there were more. At night there were others.

Despite the evident curiosity of his fellow laborers in the office he did not take a soul into his confidence until the third day. Then he remarked to his deskmates:

"Say, the great American life insurance man isn't overlooking any bets these days, is he?"

"Wherefore this outburst?"

For answer the groom to be went to a drawer and produced a stack containing 147 letters—he said that was the exact number, though his friend did not count them—the accumulation since that fateful Sunday morning.

"Every blamed one of them is from some agent for some life insurance company who wants to insure my life. Each one represents the best company on the face of the earth. Each pays the largest dividends. Each invests the money of its patrons to the very best advantage. Each moralizes on the uncertainty of life and seeks to impress upon me the solemn duty I owe to my wife that is to be to get my life insured for a million or two of dollars. And each blessed one has come since the announcement of my approaching wedding was printed."

The young man paused a moment, then he dug into the pile and after a few moments' search produced a document which he shoved at his friend, simply saying:

"Just look at the devilish ingenuity displayed in the construction of that thing."

The "thing" was about the size of a theatrical poster known as a three sheet, in other words, three of them will paper the side of a barn. Down the center, at regular intervals, were a lot of mottoes and warning exhortation printed in type three times the size of the context, and in red ink. Here is one choice extract from the document: "In the midst of life we are in death."

"Let us call your attention that it is every husband's duty—his solemn duty—to provide for those dependent upon him. No one knoweth when the angel of death may knock at the door of hovel or mansion and how can one be prepared for his coming unless time is taken by the financial forelock? Think of the ray of hope which breaks through the clouds of bitter bereavement when the sorrowing ones reflect that by the careful forethought of the dear departed poverty has been prevented from adding its horrors to those of the grave. It is your duty to provide for your loved ones. Do not put it off until tomorrow, for in the language of the poet, 'Tomorrow never comes.'"

There was another paragraph in the document that showed the touch of a master hand. It ran something like this:

"Our policies are devised and designed to meet the wants and needs of all people desiring insurance. They are liberal. They are honest. They bring the very best returns. We have ideal policies which we can safely recommend. We can and will guarantee endowment results at much less than endowment rates. And again we pledge ourselves to furnish paid up policies at far below the usual cost. Our dividends are often five times as large as those of other companies on similar policies. We also make a specialty of making liberal loans to our clients on their policies. We are in the field for business and we mean to get it. And don't you forget it."

"Do not leave your wife and babies dependent on charity."

The eloquutionary effect the benedict to be threw into the reading of these extracts gained him a round of applause from his companions. It also brought to him the knowledge that every other man in the office who was married—in Chicago—had been similarly afflicted. But that brought no balm to his soul, and he continued to kick. He didn't think it the proper thing to do and he announced his intention of writing a circular letter to the various individuals who had importuned him to "take a risk" and informing them of his feelings.

"Don't do it, my boy," said the head bookkeeper. "Wait until after you are married. You will get forty of these things then to one now, and then you'll have to get out another letter. Wait till then, and then you can address yourself at one and the same time to the life insurance agent, the furniture dealer, the grocer, the man who has a second hand sewing machine to sell, the philanthropist who wants to see young people get along and who offers you a lot way out in the suburbs that will make you rich in five years, the rental agent, the iceman, the milkman, the cockroach exterminator, and all their kith and kin. You'll hear from them all, for they all read the society columns of the daily papers and the newly married are their legitimate prey."—Chicago Tribune.

The Remedy.

"Anna, your lover was again in the kitchen till 10 o'clock last night. I cannot allow that any more."

"I, too, have been thinking if we couldn't have supper a little earlier."—Fliegende Blatter.

THE STORY OF A BEAR.

The Truth Came Out In Spite of the $25. Paid to Suppress It.

"There used to be some good hunting up in Maine, about Rangeley lake," said Mr. T. L. Page. "A house that I managed in the little village of Phillips was the headquarters of a lot of Nimrods, who came up every season after big game. Of all the ardent sportsmen, two New Yorkers, chums and partners in business, Messrs. Buckley and Webb, were the keenest lovers of the chase. They were very successful hunters, too, and generally carried off the palm both as to quality and quantity of game.

"One season, however, they met with very poor luck, and after spending about a week in camp, with nothing to show for their labors, started to come to town, with the intention of going home. On their way in they overtook a countryman driving a farm wagon, in the bed of which lay one of the handsomest specimens of black bear that the New Yorkers had ever laid eyes on. The rustic stopped his team to let the city strangers admire his big take. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Buckley. 'What would you be willing to sell your bear for?' said he to the farmer.

"'Well, the state gives a bounty of $10 for every bear, and I reckon if you'll give me $10 more you can have him.'

"Buckley gave the old man his price, with $5 additional, first exacting from him a solemn promise that he would never breathe a syllable of the transaction to any one. Then he and Webb rode ahead, and on reaching the hotel told in most enthusiastic style how they had killed the biggest black bear that had ever came out of the Maine woods. They entered into details of the shooting, and every guest of the house was on the qui vive for a look at bruin, that was coming on a little later. He was such a heavy beast that the mighty hunters were forced to hire an old farmer to bring him in town in a wagon. Pretty soon the wagon hove in sight and a big crowd gathered at the hotel entrance to see him unloaded. Exclamations of delight were heard on every side, and Buckley and Webb were the heroes of the hour.

"Down in the little village of Phillips Old Sol Mayberry, with a bigger wad of cash in his pocket than he had possessed for a long time, was getting very drunk on the proceeds of his sale, and after the third or fourth round of drinks he couldn't resist telling how, on that very morning, he had caught in a trap the finest bear he'd ever beheld, and how he had sold him to two chaps from the city. The facts leaked out in less than an hour, and the conspirators were forced to own that Old Sol had spoken the truth. Their bill for champagne that day was in three figures."—Washington Post.

Indoor Bicycle Riding.

Nowadays every one wants to ride a bicycle, but many do not attempt it because they dread the ordeal of learning. In the first place they dislike the idea of abrasions and bruises, and in the second they can hardly bring themselves to the sacrifice of dignity which the flounderings of the beginner usually entail. They need no longer hesitate. The bicycle can now be learned indoors, safe from prying eyes and without fear of falls. A new appliance designed for this purpose consists of a small flywheel covered with rubber and two side wheels fitted with a simple arrangement by means of which it can be adjusted to any kind of cycle in two minutes. Its great advantage is that the rider experiences the same momentum as in a spin on a hard road, while the machine either remains stationary or moves so slowly that in traversing 15 feet the same amount of exercise is obtained as in a mile of ordinary traveling.

Practice can thus be carried on in a hall or room, and riders can gauge the rate of speed their exertions would have given them on the highway. For beginners, children and invalids needing physical exercise this invention is specially adapted, as it stands perfectly steady and enables the difficulties of mounting and dismounting to be thoroughly overcome without danger of falls or bruises. The appliance is collapsible, weighs 15 pounds and can be easily carried in the hand.—Exchange.

Wood Paving.

A nonslipping wood pavement has been recently devised which is claimed to be simple, inexpensive and efficient. It consists in preparing the wooden blocks before they are laid by boring a few holes in them and filling the same with a hard setting substance composed of crushed stone, bitumen and Portland cement. The compound is cleared off even with the surface, and when they are laid the roadway is thus covered with a series of rough spots which arrest the foot of the horse in all conditions of weather, and prevent the animal from slipping. Wood paving is extensively used in England and France.—Northeastern Lumberman.

Division of the Sexes.

One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Freudenthal, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men, and the left one to the women of the congregation.—Berlin Letter.

Right He Was.

"Now," began the orator, "in considering the money question, let us avoid false issues."

"Right you air," shouted Mr. Fallwheat. "I thort I was buyin $3,000 of 'em once, and it turned out to be sawdust."—Indianapolis Journal.

Man is the merriest, the most joyous of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

The Catawissa river, in Pennsylvania, was named from an Indian word that means "getting fat."

NAPOLEON'S ORIENTAL DREAMS.

He Longed to Follow In the Footsteps of Alexander the Great.

Bonaparte was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory. His proclamations ring with classic allusions; his festivals were adorned with classic ceremony. In infancy he had known of Genoa, the tyrant of his island is stroug in the splendid commercial enterprises which stretched eastward through the Levant and beyond into the farther orient. In childhood he had fed his imagination on the histories of Alexander the Great and his conquest of oriental empires. In youth he had thought to find an open door for his ambition when all others seemed closed by taking service with England to share the renown of those who were building up her eastern empire. Disappointed in this, he turned with the same lack of success to Russia, already England's rival on the continent of Asia.

It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideals. The conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared all eastern trade between them? England's intrusion upon the Mediterranean basin was a never ceasing irritation to all the Latin powers. Her commercial prosperity and her mastery of the seas aggravated the exasperation of France as threatening even her equality in their ancient rivalry. From the days of the first crusade all Frenchmen had felt that leadership in the reconstruction of Asia belonged to them by virtue of preoccupation. Ardent republicans, moreover, saw France's mission incomplete in the liberalizing of the continent, and the department of marine under the directory stamped its paper with the motto, "Liberty of the Seas."

Imaginative forces, the revolutionary system and the national ambition all combined to create ubiquitous enthusiasm for the conquest of the Mediterranean. To this the temperament and training of Bonaparte were as the spark to the tinder. It was with willing ears that the directory heard his first suggestions about the Venetian isles and subsequently his plans for the capture of Malta, which was to be followed by a death blow to England's supremacy in the seizure of Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey.—W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

A SPIDER FARM.

A Syrup Bottler Has Recruited the Spider Against His Foes With Success.

A sirup bottler has improved upon the prison lesson of Bruce. He has taken the spider into partnership in the working of one of his most important departments. Flies, cockroaches and other insects, attracted by his sweets, and encouraged by the genial atmosphere of his bottling room, used to interfere with his work, get into his bottles, steal his goods and "worry him to death." He has recruited the spider against his foes and vanquished them. Some 6,000 spiders now make their home on the ceiling and walls of his bottling department. Their webs are everywhere, and they behave themselves with great intelligence.

Said the bottler to an interviewer: "These creatures know more than a great many people. Spiders do not care for sweet things, and never drop into my vats or get into my bottles. I never disturb them except to feed them occasionally. They appear to know my call, and will come out and feed from my hand, or take a fly from my finger.

"They shut themselves up during most of the winter months in the little nests you see stuck like daubs of mud about the ceiling. When winter comes, I brush away the webs. They prefer to weave new ones every spring.

"Each May they reappear ready to unravel the silken fabric that is stored in their little bodies. It is just about then that the flies have hatched their first young. If the spiders appear earlier, the crop of flies would soon give out.

"I have been only running this spider farm for two years, but I find my little partners indispensable. They will not endure in the place a single fly or insect that is a plunderer of sweets and sirups."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Tattooed Snake.

The sailors of the gulf of Mexico and the equatorial regions of the Atlantic ocean amuse themselves and also turn an occasional honest penny by capturing both large and small snakes of the variety known as the lemon boa and covering their bodies with tattooed letters and designs. One of these living manuscripts was recently exhibited at Egyptian hall, London, which had the whole of the third chapter of Genesis and some pieces from Punch tattooed upon his back in indelible letters of various colors. Thousands of these tattooed snakes are annually disposed of at Rio de Janeiro. The buyers generally kill these snakes and either skin them or preserve the entire reptile in alcohol. Such specimens are highly prized by both European and North American collectors of curiosities.—St. Louis Republic.

Skillful as Ever.

Edward—Isn't Dick going off in his writings?

Forrest—I haven't noticed it.

Edward—It seems to me he has lost that exquisite delicacy of touch he used to have.

Forrest (ruefully)—By Jove! You wouldn't think so if you had seen him work me for ten this morning.—New Rochelle Life.

Easily Remedied.

"Say," said the city editor, "it seems to me that this expression of yours about showing a clean pair of heels is not just the thing in a report of a bicycle race."

"All right," answered the lazy reporter. "Just stick in a 'w' and make it a clean pair of wheels."—Cincinnati Tribune.

LAMENT OF THE LAST LEPRECHAUN.

For the red shoon of the Shee,
For the falling o' the leaf,
For the wind among the reeds,
My grief!

For the sorrow of the sea,
For the song's unquickened seeds,
For the sleeping of the Shee,
My grief!

For dishonored whitethorn tree,
For the runes that no man reads,
Where the gray stones face the sea,
My grief!

Lisnakeole, that used to be
Filled with music night and noon,
For their ancient revelry,
My grief!

For the empty fairy shoon,
Hollow rath and yellow leaf,
Hands unkissed to sun or moon,
My grief, my grief!

—Nora Hopper.

DAY OF THE DEAD IN PARIS.

Curious Scenes During the Pilgrimage to the Graveyards.

Paris, it is said, thinks once a year of those whom she has lost. The truth is she thinks very much oftener of them, for their touching devotion to the memory of the dead is one of the finest sides of the French character.

The day after All Saints' is the "day of the dead"—the jour des morts.

Then Parisians visit the great cemeteries — Pere Lachaise, Montmartre, Montparnasse, Passy, Vaugirard and Saint-Ouen. It is a curious sight to see the crowds sweeping like a torrent along the boulevards of Bellevue and Menilmontant between the two rows of booths piled up with emblems of grief and piety.

About half the number are simple sightseers—badauds, who are attracted by any crowd, and who can be readily recognized by their indifferent and gaping air and empty hands.

The others, in mourning habits, carry in their hands wreaths of everlasting flowers, sprigs of boxwood and yew, bouquets, medallions under glass, with a weeping willow and some artless inscription a ma mere, a notre pere, etc.

The cemeteries themselves present an unaccustomed spectacle. The entrances are guarded by mounted guardes de Paris in full uniform; policemen are stationed to regulate the circulation in the interior, and around the cemetery hawkers of all sorts spread out their wares in tempting array—immortelles for the dead, cakes and petit bleu—cheap wine—for the living.

The exterior boulevards are too small for the crowd of mourners, and the inns and wineshops too small for the custom.

Side by side with the sellers of souvenirs eterna you find the camelo, who offers his collection of 300 jokes for 1 cent; the open air lotteries with their grating and rattling wheels and an asthmatic hurdy gurdy playing the eternal "Boulanger March." This is the first act of the tragi-comedy.

Each proceeds to the tomb that interests him or her. The old wreaths are removed, and the glass covered medallion of the most approved design is hung up in their stead.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Floral Detective of Long Ago.

In early times the Dutch farmers of the up river farms of New York had an ingenious way of recovering pocket knives that might have been dropped or mislaid while plowing or gardening was going on. Cutlery was not as cheap then and abundant as in these days; so the farmers took the thrifty precaution of keeping two or three sunflower seeds in their knife handles. Then if the knives fell upon broken ground and could not be readily found, the owners would wait until the seeds sprouted, and an isolated sunflower stalk or blossom in field or patch would signalize the possibility of a missing article's being at its root. True, the owner did not always realize the result of the scheme, because a passing boy who understood the token often "got there" before the planter.—New York Tribune.

A Small Boy's Good Memory.

One of the dentists of this city has a precocious child of about 4 summers. The bright little fellow keeps his father and mother wide awake during the whole day by his wit and keenness. When the child was about 2 years of age, his parents visited Niagara falls. Baby went along. The other day a friend of the family was at the house, and she spoke of Niagara. The 4-year-old quickly spoke up that he had been there. His mother told him that he certainly could not remember it, but the child said that he could. His mother asking him what it looked like, Johnnie replied, "It looks like a great big ocean going awful fast."—Albany Journal.

Perfection of the Bicycle.

The mechanical strength of a cycle needs little comment when a 30 inch wheel weighing 20 ounces sustains without permanent distortion the weight of four men standing on its side, with supports at four points only under the rim and nothing under the hub. A cycle weighing less than nine pounds will carry a man weighing 160 to 175 pounds, and even a 24 pound machine carries a greater load with safety than any other vehicle.

How to Keep Lemons Fresh.

It is not generally known that lemons may be easily and almost indefinitely preserved under glass. Some, one year, were purchased on the Fourth of July, and, by way of experiment, each one was put under an inverted goblet. Thus kept from the air, they were finally removed, on Christmas day, in perfect condition and as juicy as ever.

Aliens—that is, unnaturalized foreigners residing in this country—are found only in the north and are mostly Canadians, who come to this country for a working season and return to their homes in Canada to remain during the rest of the year.

Bromine was discovered by Ballard of Montpelier in 1826.

SOME OLD TRADE TRICKS.

How They Were Punished Five or Six Hundred Years Ago.

Cheating in trade is no new thing. It was practiced in the fourteenth century as well as in the nineteenth. Our town records contain many cases of summary jurisdiction in matters affecting the price, weight and quality of food, clothing and other things.

I cull a few from the archives of the city of London. In 1348 proceedings were taken against a butcher for selling putrid meat. Three reasons were alleged against this conduct at his trial before the mayor and aldermen. It was deceitful and dishonest; dangerous to the public health; it brought scandal and disgrace upon the mayor, corporation, and all the inhabitants of the city that a Londoner should behave so. After the investigation he was found guilty, and condemned to be taken, with his bad meat carried in front of him, to the pillory in Cornhill, and while he stood therein the carrion he had tried to sell was burned under his nose.

It is well known that the pillory was an instrument in which the culprit was fixed, incapable of movement, exposed to the contempt of the people. The offense of the culprit was always publicly proclaimed, and, according to the views of the spectators, the punishment might be severe or otherwise. If they disliked the offense of the offender, their contempt would take the proverbial and forcible form of rotten eggs and dead cats, and the trader would make a closer acquaintance with his own wares, both raw and cooked, than he might find pleasant.

A publican, convicted of selling unsound and unwholesome red wine, was sentenced to drink a draft of the same stuff which he sold to the common people, the remainder being poured on his head, and compelled to forswear the calling of a vintner in the city of London forever, unless he could obtain the favor of the king. A note on the record states that he was readmitted five years later.

About the same time we find a woman charged with selling ale in a short measure quart pot, the bottom of which she had thickened with pitch and covered with rosemary, to look like bush in the sight of her customers. It was a common practice to put some sort of evergreen leaves in the bottom of tankards—hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." Her sentence was to stand in the "thew," or female pillory, with half of the pot attached to it. As far as possible, the cause of the offense was always exhibited along with the person punished.

Severe punishment was meted out for endeavoring to raise the standard market price of corn and other articles. In 1347 a merchant was imprisoned for 40 days for enhancing the price of his own property. He secretly employed a man to bring certain of his own (the merchant's) wheat to the market, whereupon he bought his own at twopence more per bushel than the market price, of course taking care to make the same well known, forgetting, however, to state what he knew about the seller.—Chicago Herald.

New Treatment For Burns.

A Paris medical man of resources and alternatives had in hand a case of severe and extensive burning, caused by boiling water. So deep was the injury that the healing process was greatly delayed. The patient's family objected to skin grafting, which seemed to be the only way to accelerate the process of recovery, and the doctor, as an experiment, applied the internal membrane of the hen's egg—the white film with which everybody is familiar. The injury must have progressed beyond the suppurative stage and shown signs of healthy healing. A freshly laid egg is broken and the membrane immediately cut into narrow strips and laid carefully across the raw surface, then antiseptic dressings are applied with carbolic solutions, and the whole is covered by tin foil. In a number of cases this procedure has been eminently satisfactory.—New York Ledger.

The Quarter Came Back.

"Excuse me, sir," said a Woodward avenue car conductor to a passenger riding on the platform with him the other morning, "but can you change a quarter?"

"Is it a plugged quarter?" cautiously asked the passenger.

"Yes, sir; plugged in two places."

"Get it about a week ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"From me?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, I can't change it. I carried that old coin around about three months and offered it to at least 50 conductors before you took it, and having finally worked it off I can't take it back. If you want to borrow two tens and a five, all right, but I can't take plugged quarters—can't possibly do it, even to oblige."—Detroit Free Press.

Castles In the Air.

"Castles in the air," to indicate dreaming projects, is an expression which first occurs in the writings of Sidney. It is believed, however, to be much older than his time. In the form "castles in Spain" it is found in the French literature, while the Latins had an expression "castles in Asia," and the Hindoos rendered it as "castles in the moon."

A Little Too Much.

First Humorist—How many jokes can you write a day?

Second Humorist (with dignity)—Do you mean the sort I print or the sort you print?

They do not speak now.—New York Weekly.

The cold of Canada seems to diminish with an increase of population. Between 1828 and 1837 Hudson's bay was closed an average of 184 days every year; now its ice lasts 179 days.

Algiers is so called from the Arabic words Al-Jezair, meaning "a peninsula."

HUMAN SUFFERING.

Nine-tenths of It Is Useless and Could Be Avoided.

Go through a crowd of people, preferably city people; examine the tired, anxious, wasted faces; remember your life and the lives of the men whom you have known intimately; recall the violent deaths, the suicides of which you have heard, and ask yourself the reason of all this death, suffering and despair. And you will see, however strange it may appear, that the cause of nine-tenths of human suffering is the present life of the world; that this suffering is useless; that it could be avoided, and that the majority of men are martyrs to worldly ideas.

Recently on a rainy Sunday I crossed the market near the tower of Soukharev in a street car. For a third of a mile the car made its way through a dense crowd that closed in again behind us. From morning till evening these thousands of men, most of them hungry and in rags, jostle each other in the mud, dispute, deceive and hate each other. The same thing goes on in the markets of Moscow and other cities. These men will pass their evenings in the wine shops and afterward will seek their holes and corners. Sunday is their best day. Monday they begin again their accursed existence.

Think of the existence of these men, of the situation which they abandon and of that which they choose. Consider the labor to which they give themselves, and you will see that they are martyrs.

All have left their fields, their houses, their fathers and brothers, often their wives and children. They have renounced everything and come to the city in order to acquire that which the world considers necessary. All of them are there, from the operative, the coachman and the seamstress to the wealthy merchant, the office holder and the wives of all of them, to say nothing of the tens of thousands of unfortunates who have lost everything and live on scraps and brandy in the free lodging houses. Go through this crowd; watch poor and rich alike; look for a man who says that he is satisfied and believes that he possesses what the world deems necessary. You will not find one in a thousand.—Count Tolstoi.

BOTH PAPERS WERE USEFUL.

The Fortunate Result of a Tennessee Justice Mixing His Documents.

Bill Wright was a justice of the peace, and also an absentminded man, whose wife was as able an orator as Xantippe.

Bill used to serve all his processes himself and to save time would sign the marriage certificates in blank and deliver a number to the parson.

One day Bill had a process to serve away up in the mountains on a semibarbarous recluse, who was sued for damages for some disdeeds, and Bill thought he would deliver a few of the certificates to the parson.

So, sticking both packages of papers in the same pocket, he mounted his horse and rode off.

Reaching the minister's, he stopped and chatted awhile, and, after delivering his papers, he started off again and took the road to the mountains.

The parson had a wedding that day, one of the parties being a notorious horse thief from an adjoining county. When the ceremony was over, the parson selected a certificate from the bundle and unrolled it sufficiently to sign his name. On handing it to the man the latter opened it, and his eye grew wild as he read instead of a marriage certificate a warrant of arrest, signed by both the justice of the peace and by the parson. He feared some trap, so surrendered himself to custody.

When the justice reached the mountain side, he took out the paper to read it and immediately saw its nature, but, maintaining his self possession, he recited the form of summons, which he fortunately remembered.

He then returned and found the horse thief in jail and went and saw the parson, remarking, with his own matrimonial felicity in mind, that both papers had unintentionally served the ends of justice.—University Courier.

Why He Wanted It Printed.

Compositors are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting, even that of editors and ministers. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story:

Professor Lindsay Alexander came into our office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon.

"You must let me have proofs of this tomorrow," he said.

I told him the time was too short. He must give us a few days longer.

"No," he said. "I must preach this sermon tomorrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."—Youth's Companion.

Altogether Too Honest.

Hotel Clerk—That lawyer stopping with us is the most honest man I ever heard of.

Landlord—Why?

Clerk—He sits up in a chair and sleeps at night.

Landlord—What's that got to do with it?

Clerk—He says after his day's work is over he doesn't think he ought to lie in bed.—Detroit Free Press.

The First Safety Lamp.

The first claim as an inventor of a safety lamp for use in mines was made by Dr. Clanny of Newcastle, who, in 1813, contrived a ponderous and complicated machine, requiring a boy to work it. This apparatus never became popular. It was found to be too unwieldy.

Realistic.

Critic—Has that painting of yours, "At Work in the Fields," received any favorable comments?

Artist—A rather seedy looking man stopped to look at it today, and he said it made him tired.—Philadelphia Record.

FLOOD OF THE NILE.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF ALL THE YEAR AT CAIRO.

Impressive Ceremonies at the Cutting of the Bank to Allow the Water to Flow Into the Canal—The Ancient Nilometer on the Island of Roda.

The tourist who only comes to Egypt to shun "winter and foul weather" knows nothing of the majestic glories of the Nile flood. The ancient Nilometer at the south end of the island of Roda, just above Cairo, is one of the most interesting sights of the place. The water enters from the river by a culvert into a well about 18 feet square, with a graduated stone pillar in the center. On each side of the well is a recess about 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep, surmounted by a pointed arch, over which is carved in relief a Kufic inscription, and a similar inscription is carried all around the well, consisting of verses of the Koran. A staircase goes down the well, from the steps of which the initiated may read the height of the water on the pillar, but they are few in number, and the hereditary sheikh of the Nilometer, whose duty it is to keep the record, is a person of some importance. The Nilometer dates from A. D. 861, and I believe in the archives of Cairo may be found the daily record for 1,000 years.

I need hardly tell you that when our English engineers took the river in hand we established a number of gauges at Wadi-Halia, Assuan, Cairo and many other points on more scientific principles than the venerable Nilometer of the Roda island.

After the river has begun to rise its height is daily chanted through the Cairo streets until it reaches 16 cubits on the gauge. At this point the Khalig el Masri, the old canal that flows through the heart of Cairo, is opened—up to this point it is dry, and full or empty it is little more than a sanitary abomination at present, but in former days it occupied an important place, and when the Nile water was high enough to flow down its bed it was looked on that the flood had fairly set in, and that the kindly fruits of the earth might be duly expected.

The head of this canal is on the right bank of the river, just south of Cairo. The water enters a channel some 30 feet wide, with a high wall on its left and a sloping bank on its right or southern flank. The water then flows under the pointed arch of an old stone bridge. The bed of the canal is cleared so that it would flow in at a gauge of about 14½ cubits, but an earthen bank is thrown across it about four feet higher.

There is no more interesting ceremony in Egypt than the annual cutting of the khalig, as the opening ceremony is called. It takes place between Aug. 5 and 15. Days before preparations are made for the festival. Tents with innumerable lamps are placed along the wall on the one side. Frames for all manner of fireworks are erected on the sand bank on the other side. All the notables are there in full uniform or in canonicals. The khedive himself or his representative, the Sheikh ul Islam, the highest dignitary of the Mohammedan faith; the Sheikh el Bekri, the Sheikh el Sadat, all the learned scribes of the great university of the Azhar, the cabinet ministers and under secretaries, the sirdar of the army and his staff, the judges and the financiers.

The Egyptian troops are turned out, salutes are fired, and about 8 o'clock in the warm summer night the classes all assemble under the gayly lighted tents, the masses crowd round the frames for the fireworks, the street is lined with harem carriages full of closely veiled figures, though it is not much that they can see from their broughams. Out in the river, just opposite the canal's mouth is moored an old hulk of a certain seagoing outline, which has been towed up from Bulak during the day and is an emblem of the time when the great republic of Venice sent an envoy to witness the ceremony. This boat is full of lamps, and fireworks too. As the night deepens the excitement increases. The populace on the bridge and opposite bank are shouting, yelling and dancing wildly round the fireworks.

On the other side are the gay uniforms and lighted tents, from which we can look over the wall down on the dark water, where you see brown figures plunging in and, waist deep, digging with their hoes at the embankment that blocks the canal's mouth. Long before midnight the fireworks have gone out and left the splendid stars to themselves; the grandees have all gone to bed, but the people keep up the revelry, and in the morning, by 7:30, every one has come back. Then but little of the bank is left uncut, and a few more strokes of the big hoes will do it, and the brown skins and brown water reflect the bright sunlight from above. Then the Sheik ul Islam solemnly thanks the Almighty, Allah the all powerful, the all merciful. He implores his blessing on the flood, and at a signal the bank is cut, the waters rush in, and with them a crowd of swimmers. A bag of silver piasters is scattered among them, and the ceremony is at an end.—Nature.

Always on Time.

Washington had many admirable traits worthy of imitation, and one of them was rigid punctuality. This was well illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston 100 years ago. Having appointed 8 o'clock in the morning as the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the Old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles river bridge.—Exchange.

Concealment No Longer Necessary.

Mrs. Oldun—Why, my dear, you look ten years older since you were married.

Mrs. Youngun—And I am. You know I have been only 29 for the past ten years.—Detroit Free Press.

A HOROLOGICAL WONDER.

The Complicated Time Keeping Oddity Invented by a Russian Pole.

The prize wonder in the shape of a clock is the invention of a Russian Pole named Goldfadon. The inventor is a clockmaker of Warsaw and boasts that he worked over 2,000 days on this time keeping oddity. The clock represents a railway station, with waiting rooms for travelers, telegraph and ticket offices and a very pretty and natural platform, well lighted and having in its center a flower garden and a spouting fountain. There are also signal boxes, lights, switches, water tanks—in fact, everything used in conjunction with a well regulated railway station. There is a dial in the center tower, which shows time at New York, Peking, Warsaw and London. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First all of the little figures of telegraph operators begin to work their machines, the head automaton going through the form of sending a dispatch to the effect that "the line is clear." Then the door opens, and upon the platform appear the station master and his assistants. Next a long line of little figures file up to the miniature ticket office.

After this the porters appear, carrying luggage, the bell rings, and instantly a miniature train dashes out of a tunnel and halts before the platform of the station house. While the train is waiting a miniature figure tests the wheels and axles with a tiny hammer, another pumps water into the tank of the engine, while a third busies himself stowing away small lumps of coal in the silver plated tender. There is one signal of the bell, whereupon the door of the single coach opens, and the little figures slide in on an almost invisible wire, the opening closing after them. A second tap of the bell is the signal for the wheel tester, waterman and fuel carrier to retire into the station house.

After the third signal the whistle gives two toots, and the train quickly disappears in a tunnel opposite to the one from which it emerged five minutes before. When the train is out of sight, the station master and his assistants leave the platform, the doors close behind them, and they all retire to the other side of the station house, where, at the expiration of 15 minutes, the train again appears, and the passengers file out and seat themselves in the building preparatory to taking another trip around the station house.—St. Louis Republic.

LOPSIDED HENS.

How a Cape Elizabeth Man Produced a Breed of Nonsensitchers.

Speaking of hens reminds me of a worthy townsman of ours, J. Fairfield Tuttle, who had a small patch of strawberries so situated that only a fence, and a poor one at that, divided them from a neighbor's henyard, and these same hens bothered our friend very much by getting through the fence and scratching up the strawberry plants.

Our friend tried many ways to rid himself of them, but failed until one day he saw his neighbor in the act of setting another hen.

Now, it's necessary for you to know that the hens above mentioned were of what is known as the Shanghai breed and had very long legs. It occurred to our friend Tuttle that he saw a way out of the difficulty. So procuring half a dozen bantam (short legs) eggs he stole over during the night, took out six of the eggs that were under the hen and replaced them with the six bantams.

What was the result? When the chicks were hatched, each one had one short and one long leg, and when they would stand on the short leg and try to scratch with the long one they would only succeed in throwing themselves over. When they would stand on the long leg, the short one would not reach the ground by several inches, and so in the matter of scratching they were not in it, so to speak.—Cape Elizabeth Sentinal.

Names of the Centiped.

"The word centiped in the mouth of the old sailor, as of the negro, becomes 'santipede' or 'suntifee,' but I think Joe Galbraith, a Hibernian ranchman of New Mexico, should be credited with giving it the most remarkable twist from its dictionary pronunciation," said the topographer in a surveying party. "Joe camped alongside us one night on our way to Camp Grant. As two of our men in the morning were shaking a blanket which had been spread next the ground a centiped six inches long ran out from the under side of the blanket up the sleeve and face of one of the two men. The man's whiskers saved his face from the needlelike feet, and he brushed the reptile off to the ground without sustaining injury. The centiped was killed, and the party gathered round to look at it, among them Joe, eager to air his knowledge.

"'Don't you know what that is?' he said wisely. 'It's a Santa Fe. They say they're pisener'n hell.'"—New York Sun.

Tides and Storms.

When a tempest is approaching or passing out on the ocean, the tides are noticeably higher than usual, as if the water had been driven in a vast wave before the storm. The influence extends to a great distance from the cyclonic storm center, so that the possibility exists of foretelling the approach of a dangerous hurricane by means of indications furnished by tide gauges situated far away from the place then occupied by the whirling winds.

The fact that the tidal wave outstrips the advancing storm shows how extremely sensitive the surface of the sea is to the changes of pressure brought to bear upon it by the never resting atmosphere.—Youth's Companion.

The Engagement Broken.

A Frankford bard wrote a poem to his inamorata which was published in a suburban paper. He said her mouth was like a cowslip. The printer spared it and it read "cow's lip." Unhappy bard!—Philadelphia Record.

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at 88 E. Madison-st.

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Div. No. 1—H. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 308, 120 Randolph-st; T. J. Reed, V.-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 1424½ Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 2034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Eileen av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2949 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canal portage and Union st.

Div 5—P Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V P; Thos E Collins, R S, 348 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V P; H H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 713 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 325 W Van Buren st; Patk Bohan, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 646 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J J Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 466 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Agnew hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 13—T E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Riordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T. Boyle, Pres, 2256 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Theodore H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 16th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—James Thomas, Pres, 4035 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jas Herbert, Rec Sec, 220 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Keaney, V P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Carry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 37th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 37th st and Ashland av.

Div 23—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 349 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 258, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres., 10816 Calhoun av; V C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10819 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 539 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3036 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J E Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5617 Lake st; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Dunhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phea, C R, 1065 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 91 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1088 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 8222 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial Hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4060 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos H Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Wabash st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 18th st; R S Julius Esler, 636 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 238 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Joe Holden; Treas, Michael Read. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J E Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 76 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 102 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Bindasler, 426 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 122 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3826 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 1115 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo P Trossen, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scamitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in st

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 382 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
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In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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